

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S,

From the most approved AUTHORS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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The

[illegible]

By Mr. TICKEL.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My foul's best part for-ever to the grave !

VOL. I.

How silent did his old companions tread,
 By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine,
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart,
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles along,
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies from the hallow'd mould below:
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
 In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs, grace'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws are given;
 And saints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;

Nor

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crouded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to smoothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;

There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each others boast! farewell.

Farewell!

cc,



COLLIN AND LUCY.

By the same.

I.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face.

11.

'Till luckless Love and pining Care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

III.

Ah! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd this flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

IV.

By LUCY warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed ye easy fair ;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring swains, beware !

V.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound ;
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

VII.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
" That cries I must not stay ;
" I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away.

VIII.

" Of a false swain, and broken heart,
" In early youth I die ;
" Am I to blame, because the bride
" Is twice as rich as I ?

IX.

" Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
" Vows due to me alone !
" Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kiss,
" Nor think him all thy own !

X.

" To-morrow in the church, to wed,
" Impatient both prepare :
" But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
Poor Lucy will be there.

XI.

" Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
" The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
" He in his wedding-trim so gay,
" I in my winding-sheet."

XII. She

OF POEMS.

7

XII.

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne;
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bride's-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimson fled;
When stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
She saw her lover dead.

XVI.

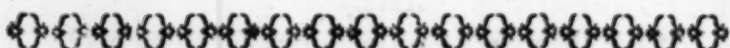
He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains;
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft at this place the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

XVIII. But,

But, swain foresworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallowed ground forbear !
 Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.



KENSINGTON GARDEN.

By the same.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit.

VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neigh'bring lands,
 'Midst sweets and greens, a regal fabric stands,
 And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
 A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
 The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair,
 To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
 Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
 They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
 Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
 Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
 And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow.

Here England's Daughter, darling of the land,
 Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
 Gleams thro' the shades. She, tow'ring o'er the rest,
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,
 Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
 And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
 Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
 Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair

Pour'd

Pour'd in his Danes ; ere elder Julius came ;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name ;
A prince of Albion's lineage grace'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who thro' gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along ;
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies :
If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd thro' your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows,
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave ;
The landscape now so sweet we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers were crown'd.
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded street was seen,
Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd.
On ev'ry hill, and dance'd in every shade.
But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight :

There.

There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;
Or hear'd, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulge'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.
Even now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain ;
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret, or the mother hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound,
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thame's fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd :
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd
Hath fam'd King Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the fairy race.

By magic fence'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground ;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame :
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chance'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.

Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she fought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay,
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stolè him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shall like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;
Each supple limb she swaith'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the Man.
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confess'd;
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superiour on the croud below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance!
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!

A shape

A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
 What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
 And felt the charmer burn in ev'ry vein.
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd,
 She, whom at distance thrones and principedoms view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sue'd,
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pine'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
 For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
 He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
 He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
 (Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred!)
 To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
 Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:
 All vain their powers, alas, to Kenna prove,
 And well sung Ovid, *There's no herb for love.*

As when a ghost, enlarge'd from realms below,
 Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
 His painful silence, till the mortal speak;
 So fare'd it with the little love-sick maid,
 Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.
 He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.

The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore;
 In words so melting, that, compar'd with those,
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
 Wou'd sound like compliments from country clowns,
 To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue,
 A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;
 'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
 The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
 Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
 Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
 They thought all fairies slept, ah luckless pair!
 Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!
 When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
 Thus all the softness of his soul express'd.

' All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
 ' Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze;
 ' Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen
 ' With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
 ' Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
 ' Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
 ' This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
 ' A world to me, a multitude in one.
 ' Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
 ' When the sky opens and the evening dawns!
 ' Streight as the pink, that towers so high in air,
 ' Soft as the blue-bell! as the daisy, fair!
 ' Bless'd be the hour, when first I was convey'd
 ' An infant captive to this blissful shade!
 ' And blest the hand that did my form refine,
 ' And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
 ' Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
 ' And all the giant-daughters of the earth.

- Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
- Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
- So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
- A race unknown of demigods shall rise.
- Oh speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
- And sweetly swear my rising fears away.'

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.

- By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
- I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
- A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
- Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
- Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
- May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,
- May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flowers,
- And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.
- Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade,
- There rather pine I a neglected maid;
- Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
- Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
- Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
- In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'

She ended: and with lips of rosy hue
Dipt five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words. When from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
The monarch issu'd, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;

And

And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidst his demigods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
And faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.
Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-house invades,
And short liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee a hundred fields produce'd their store,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All Fairy shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd,
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Besides their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heav'n had change'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies range'd.

Mean-while driven back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley corns.

Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
 'Twas then a spreading stream, tho' now, its fame
 Obscur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast:
 And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.

' If true, ye watry powers, my lineage came
 ' From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
 ' Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
 ' Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,
 ' And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
 ' To grace his offspring, and assert my birth.'

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
 Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.
 Rous'd at the news the sea's stern Sultan swore
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
 And to her care the fav'rite boy commends.

As thro' the Thames her backward course she guides,
 Driven up his current by the reflux tides,
 Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
 Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
 And counts the ocean's god among his fires;
 ' The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown
 ' (Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
 ' See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
 ' Lies Albion: Him the Fates your leader doom.

' Hear

' Hear and obey ; 'tis Neptune's powerful call
' By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'

She said. They bow'd : and on their shield up-bore
With shouts their new-saluted emperor.
Even Oriel smil'd : at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,
A slave; a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast !
His thick embattl'd troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide ;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse, * great Bard, whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes !
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.
But simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,
And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air ;
Loose in the winds small riband streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

* *Mr. ADDISON.*

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight.
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green :
When blooming BRUNSWICK near the Danube's flood,
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies ;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes: and now in prospect near,
But fence'd with arms, the hostile towers appear,
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his prime Visir in a magic ring.
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight ;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess !
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant : and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.

Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try ;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:

He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart:
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But, toss'd in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierce'd the ground:
Not so Azuriel's: with unerring aim
Too near the needle pointed javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold shield, and silken vest
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mold,
With azure varnish'd, and be-dropp'd with gold,
Thro' broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the Coffee's fable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plunge'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,

Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.

The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes:

On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies;

' Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to say,

' Kenna farewell: ' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
Thro' grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr;
With one stern frown the wide spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms.
O'r foaming mountains, and thro' bursting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he pass'd,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast.
Its deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,

That downward tumbling on the host below
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
 Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors are together lost,
 And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost:

Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,
 And such the downfall of the fairy state.
 This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
 This dale possess'd they; and had still possess'd
 Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
 The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.
 Now, where his elves so brightly dance'd the round,
 No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,
 His towers and people fill one common grave,
 A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay,
 Stunn'd and confounded, a whole summer's day.
 At length awak'd (for what can long restrain
 Unbody'd spirits!) but awak'd in pain:
 And as he saw the desolated wood,
 And the dark den where once his empire stood,
 Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
 In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
 He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,
 Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
 Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
 And stop'd and started at each rustling wind.
 Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands,
 Disperse and wander into different lands,
 Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
 In silent gloom impervious to the sky;

Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came,
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
 Try'd every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
 And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
 What could she do? the Fates alike deny
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows (the same old * Homer tells
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)
 Its root is ebon black, but sends to light
 A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,
 Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
 But secret kept from mortal men below.
 On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
 When lo! the little shape by magic power
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flower,
 A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
 To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
 Warn'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
 Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.

* *Odyss.* l. 10.

Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
 And glories in the vegetable snow,
 Which now increas'd thro' wide Britannia's plains,
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
 First leader of the flowery race aspires,
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,
 Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
 Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pygmy race,
 Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
 In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
 It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage;
 Till great Naffau recloath'd the desert shade,
 Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
 'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
 (Kenna that gave the neighb'ring town its name.)
 Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine
 With nymphs and heroes of her lovers line.
 She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
 And picture out in plants the fairy town.
 To far-fam'd Wife her flight unseen she sped,
 And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
 And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
 The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
 And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
 The corner tees he lifts more high in air,
 And girds the palace with a verdant square;
 Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
 He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the ærial maid
 This image of her ancient realm survey'd;

How

How change'd, how fallen from its primæval pride !
 Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
 Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
 And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays ;
 Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
 And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.



The S P L E E N.

An EPISTLE to Mr. C — J —.

By Mr. MATTHEW GREEN of the Custom-house.

THIS motly piece to you I send,
 Who always were a faithful friend;
 Who, if disputes should happen hence,
 Can best explain the author's sense;
 And, anxious for the publick weal,
 Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
 Allowing for a vapour'd muse;
 Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
 Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine; you may trace
 Throughout, the fire's transmitted face.
 Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, tho' mean,
 Draws from the spring she finds within;
 Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,
 Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
 Where all the ancient treasures lie,

And

And there unseen commit a theft
 On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won:
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurel'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects: of theft beware;
 From Moore so lash'd, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the Spleen;
 Nor to prescribe, when nerves convulse;
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse:
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicide's an ease;
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic-lanthorn Spleen
 With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
 And threat'ning prospects urge'd my fears,
 A stranger to the luck of heirs;
 Reason, some quiet to restore,
 Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
 With Spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,
 If life's rough tide I sunk not down,
 But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
 Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always chuse the plainest food
 To mend viscosity of blood,
 Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
 Of easy access to the poor;
 Thy help love's confessors implore,
 And doctors secretly adore:
 To thee I fly, by thee dilute,
 Thro' veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
 And by swift current throws off clean
 Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
 Nor keep myself a cup too low,
 And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
 Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;
 But after no field-honours itch,
 Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
 Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
 And jovial cry awake the morn:
 These see her from the dusky plight,
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
 With rosal wash redeem her face,
 And prove herself of Titan's race,
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
 Exulting at the Hark-away,
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
 Spleen pierce'd, trod down, and dying view,

While

While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spléen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spléen ;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence,
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes,
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict Dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The Popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing *tête à tête*,
New almanacks compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,

A coquet's April-weather face,
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military shew,
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my ev'ning with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way.
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To others grief attention raise:
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
 We borrow joy by pitying woe;
 There gaily comic scenes delight,
 And hold true mirrours to our sight.
 Virtue in charming dress array'd,
 Calling the passions to our aid,
 When moral scenes just actions join,
 Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
 When art does sound's high power advance,
 To music's pipe the passions dance;
 Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
 Tarantulated by a tune.
 Many have held the soul to be
 Nearly ally'd to harmony.
 Her have I known indulging grief,
 And shunning company's relief,
 Unveil her face, and looking round,
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
 The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
 Or Spleen will surely be too bard,
 Which, like those fish by sailors met,
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
 In such dull weather, so unfit
 To enterprize a work of wit,
 When clouds one yard of azure sky,
 That's fit for simile, deny,
 I dress my face with studious looks,
 And shorten tedious hours with books.
 But if dull fogs invade the head,
 That mem'ry minds not what is read,
 I sit in window dry as ark,
 And on the drowning world remark :
 Or to some coffee-house I stray
 For news, the manna of a day,
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
 That politics go by the weather :
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
 And play at cards, but for small sums ;
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
 Or drink a joco-serious cup
 With souls who've took their freedom up,
 And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heav'n to be serene ;
 Pain, hell ; and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women fit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit,
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence,
 Nor think, nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;

Talk of unusual swell of waist
 In maid of honour loosely lace'd,
 And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
 By grave pretence to go to church)
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
 Like Will and Mary on the coin:
 And thus in modish manner we
 In aid of sugar sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
 May with its beauties grace my line,
 While I bow down before its shrine,
 And your throng'd alters with my lays
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mein
 You excommunicate the Spleen,
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring.
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing.
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
 We look, we listen, and approve.
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
 By Celia's pat on their report
 The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
 Renounces wisdom's fullen pomp,
 And loves the floral game, to romp.
 But who can view the pointed rays,
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
 Love on his throne of glory seems
 Encompass'd with Satellite beams.

But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face,
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow,
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquifies,
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd.
In half the female world at least !
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;
And han't by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risque in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflower the virgin heart ;
Of ev'ry folly-fost'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain, you strive to kill.

In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown:
Veils were the only masks they wore,
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wife men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away;
But left, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall,
We sink haw-haws, that show them all;
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease,
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,

I shun,

I shun, nor let it breed within
 Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex
 The mazes, and the brambles vex,
 Where its twelve verd'ers every day
 Are changing still the public way;
 Yet if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur,
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
 No compter-writs me agitate,
 Who moralizing pass the gate,
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,
 And forces folly thro' the grate
 Her panegyric to repeat.
 This view, profusely when inclin'd,
 Enters a caveat in the mind:
 Experience join'd with common sense,
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I run away from party-strife.
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,
 And priest, as stoker, very free
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
 Small-beer the deadliest heresy,

Who,

Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive,
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace:
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylater'd throughout all their mein,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer,
Who doctrines, as infections, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose to shew-glafs of the face,
Did ever me as yet provoke,
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place,
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan,
And think it right in common sense:
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine,
 To mend the world's a vast design,
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While to defeat their labour'd end,
 At once both wind and stream contend :
 Success herein is seldom seen,
 And Zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide ;
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd ;
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
 And when he can't prevent foul play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
 Each hasty promise made in zeal.
 When g——l P———s say,
 We're bound our great light to display,
 And Indian darkness drive away,
 Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
 When they cry up this holy war,
 Which ev'ry Christian should be for,
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,
 We find employ'd as engineers :
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,
 In vain they hold the money-box ;
 At such a conduct, which intends
 By vicious means such virtuous ends,
 I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
 From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a FREE PRESS, and equal laws.
The PRESS restrain'd! nefarious thought!
In vain our fires have nobly fought:
While free from force the PRESS remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The PRESS from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shade its Gorgon head;
And lawless power, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense,
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
Nor silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, that use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,

Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground ;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to the blest,
And thence expect with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry to be heal'd.

I in no foul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirrour in his wanton hand ;
Above, below, now here, now there
He throws about the sunny glare :
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on æther in the park,
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news,
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit,
Who, tho' short-winded, still will aim
To found the epic trump of Fame,
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
I bless my stars I never knew
Whimseys, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent, and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;
The fabled goods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similies,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bowers,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,

Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do:
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muses revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You friend; like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
And pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.

I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, fit,
And, mere upholst'ers, in a trice
On gems and painting set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiarist's ends,

Whose easy vamping talent lies,
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
 Thus some devoid of art and skill
 To search the mine on Pindus hill,
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
 By genius doom'd to stay below,
 For their own digging show the town.
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,
 An artist's judgement to refine,
 On fame precipitately fix'd,
 The ore with baser metals mix'd.
 Melt down, impatient of delay,
 And call the vicious mass a Play.
 All these engage to serve their ends,
 A band select of trusty friends,
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
 As Psapho taught his birds to sing,
 Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit;
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaux imposes laws,
 A judgement in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends:
 Their natures merciful and mild
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
 In bulrush ark the wantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd.
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth, that you can name,
 Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
 Whose quick maturity of brain
 The birth of Pallas may explain:

Dreaming

Dreaming of whose depending fate,
 I heard Melpomene debate,
 This, this is he, that was foretold
 Should emulate our Greeks of old,
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
 He sings, and rules the varied heart;
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
 We hear the thunder in his verse;
 If he describe love turn'd to rage,
 The furies riot on his page;
 If he fair liberty and law
 By ruffian power expiring draw,
 The keener passions then engage
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;
 If he attempt disastrous love,
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove,
 Within, the kinder passions glow,
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
 And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease,
 The active lunacy of pride,
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride.
 This Par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
 I view with no aspiring eye:
 Like aspine shake the restless leaves,
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
 Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
 But fits of Spleen call'd growing wise.
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
 And by its falsely-envy'd scene
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.

We should be pleas'd that things are so,
 Who do for nothing see the show,
 And, middle-siz'd, can pass between
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
 A wat'ry sun-shine in the face,
 And pleasures fled to, to redress
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of Delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple chuse my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find ;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress
 To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose ;
 And, cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly :
 Nor, meddling with the gods affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares ;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forge'd by soft violence of prayer,
 The blythsome goddess fooths my care,
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.

Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plow;
A chief of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece:
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heav'n (its all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim,
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet,
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air,
From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
Fence'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song,
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:

And

And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills thro' plains in dusk array
 Extended far repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid :
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of Fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle thro' the mind :
 Here Dryads, scorning Phæbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 'Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green,
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver streams thro' meadows stray,
 And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm thro' life ;
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy,

Debar'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphinſter of the heart,
 Who wealth had earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
 Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
 And little trefpaſſes forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's power,
 And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
 With trips to town liſe to amuſe,
 To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
 To ſee old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taſte at coming down,
 Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
 And ſlowly mellowing in age,
 When Fate extends his gath'ring gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to bloſſom ſoon again.

But now more ſerious ſee me grow,
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthuſiaſt's hopes, and raptures wild
 Have never yet my reaſon foil'd.
 His ſpringy ſoul dilates like air,
 When free from weight of ambient care,
 And, huſh'd in meditations deep,
 Slides into dreams, as when aſleep.
 Then, fond of new diſcov'ries grown,
 Proves a Columbus of her own,
 Diſdains the narrow bounds of place,
 And thro' the wilds of endleſs ſpace,
 Born up on metaphyſic wings,
 Chafes light forms, and ſhadowy things,

And

And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems ;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tincture'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night ;
I close examine by the light ;
For who, tho' brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence ?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of Fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask ;
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find,
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Tho' in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul ;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throne'd in whisker'd hair.
To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens ! divinely great !—

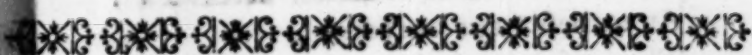
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Thro' fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way,
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with Wisdom's Sirens caught,
On quicksands swell'wing shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;
Thro' life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.

If

If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
 Of life no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come,
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of power bereave
 An endless series to receive ;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate
 We balance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create,
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate,
 And do an act, which rage infers,
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale,
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights,
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid :
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath, or Tunbridge, to careen.
 Tho' pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way,
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepare'd to reef,
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,

I make (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.



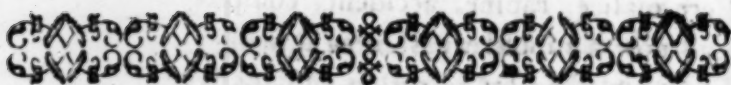
AN EPIGRAM

On the Reverend Mr. LAURENCE ECHARD's, and
Bishop GILBERT BURNET's Histories.

By the Same.

GIL's history appears to me
Political anatomy,
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
LAURENCE proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures doth display:
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive:
He wax-work made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.





L O N D O N :

A P O E M.

In IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, A. M.

*Quis inepta**Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?* Juv.

(a) **T**H O' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
 When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
 Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
 And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.

(b) For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:

JUV. SAT. III.

(a) *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
 Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
 Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

(b) — *Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.
 Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut*

Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

(c) Whiles THALES waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
 Struck with the feat that gave * Eliza birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
 And call Britannia's glories back to view;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
 Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
 And for amoment lull the sense of woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

(d) Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days,
 Wants even the cheap reward of empty praise;

*Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 Tellorum assiduos, et mille pericula Jovæ
 Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?*
 (c) *Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
 Substitit at veteres arcus.* —
 (d) *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,*

* Queen ELIZABETH was born at Greenwich.

In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
 While yet my stiddy steps no (e) staff sustains,
 And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay;
 Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
 Some secret cell, ye Powers, indulgent give.
 (f) Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
 (g) Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or form a lottery,
 With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

*Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem erat
 Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas;
 Dum nuda canities —*

(e) — et pedibus me

Port: meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

(f) Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius istuc

Et Catulus: mancant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.

(g) Quis facile est adem conducere, stupida, pprtas,
Siccandam eluciem, portandum ad busta cadaver.—

Heroes,

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?
 What check restrain your thirst of power and gold ?
 Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
 To such, a groaning nation's spoils are given,
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven :
 (b) But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
 Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S court he sing,
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
 A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——'s jest.

(i) Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
 With more address a lover's note convey,
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

(k) For what but social guilt the friend endears ?
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares, -

Munera nunc edunt.

(b) *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.—*

(i) —*Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
 Quæ mandat, norint alii: me nemo ministro
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.*

(k) *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius? —
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
 Accusare potest. —*

(l) But thou, should tempting villany present;
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
 Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy.
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unfulfilled fame, and conscience ever gay.

(m) The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!
 Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
 LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common shore of Paris, and of Rome;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this;

(n) I cannot bear a French metropolis.

(o) Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
 The rustic grandeur, or the furly grace,
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
 Sense, freedom, piety, refine'd away,
 Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

(l) — *Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare voluitur aurum
 Ut somno careas.* —

(m) *Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
 Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo sateri.*

(n) — *Non possum ferre, Quirites,
 Græcam urbem.* —

(o) *Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.*

Mis'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politics import;
 (p) Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
 (q) They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clasp;
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

(r) Ah! what avails it, that, from slavery far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air;
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And list the tales of HENRY'S victories;
 If the gull'd conquerour receives the chain,
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

(s) Studious to please, and ready to submit,
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
 Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

(t) These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
 And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

(p) *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
 Promptus. — — —*

(q) *Augur, schanobates, medicus, magnus: omnia novit,
 Græculus esuriens, in cælum, jusseris, ibit.*

(r) *Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum
 Hausit Aventini?*

(s) *Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
 Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?*

(t) *Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis
 Creditur.*

Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:

(u) Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

(x) How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgement in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
(y) Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-place'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

(u) *Natio comædia est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.*

(x) *Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene rullavit, si rectum minxit amicus.*

(y) *Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.*

(z) By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.

This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.

The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;

With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

(a) Of all the grief that harrafs the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;

Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

(b) Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor;
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?

No secret island in the boundless main?

No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?

Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,

And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,

(c) SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,

Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;

Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,

The groom retails the favours of his lord.

(z) ——— *Materiem præbet causasque jecorum
Omnibus hic idem? si sæda et scissa lacerna, &c.*

(a) *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

(b) ——— *Agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.*

(c) *Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi; sed Roma durior illis
Comatus ———*

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
 Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies:
 Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and power
 Some pompous palace, or some blissful bower,
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
 Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
 And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
 (d) Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
 For where can starving merit find a home?
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
 (e) Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound
 And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
 Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
 And public mournings pacify the skies;
 The laureate tribe in servile verse relate,
 How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;
 (f) With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
 See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
 And raise his treasures higher than before:

————— *Omnia Romæ*

Cum pretio —————.

Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

(d) ————— *Ultimus autem,*

Ærumna cumulus, quod nudum, et frustra rogant

Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, testoque juvabit.

(e) *Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,*
Pullati proceres. —————

(f) *Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,*
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.

Now blest'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,

(a) Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.

(b) Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers ;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord ;
There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;
In all thy hours Security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

(i) Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home,

Hic modum argenti. ———

(g) *Meliora, ac plura reponit*

Perficus orborum lautissimus. ———

(b) *Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateria domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic* ———

*Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.*

(i) ——— *Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.*

(k) Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and slabs you for a jest.

(l) Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

(m) In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

(n) Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the K—g.

(k) *Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat penas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.* —————

(l) ———— *Sed, quamvis improbus annis
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina lana
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.*

(m) *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliaret te
Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.*

(n) *Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas re-
Vomer deficiat, ne marra et sarcula defint.*

(o) A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
 Could half the nation's criminals contain;
 Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
 Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;
 No spies were paid, no special juries known,
 Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

(p) Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,
 The tide retiring, calls me from the land:

(q) Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent; [spent,
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes;
 In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
 Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
 Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
 In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
 Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

(o) *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
 Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
 Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.*

(p) *His alias poteram, et plures subnectere causas:
 Sed jumenta vocant.——*

(q) —— *Ergo vale nostri memor: et quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque
 Dianam*

*Convellere a Cumis: satirarum ergo, ni pudet illas,
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.*





P R O L O G U E

S P O K E N B Y

Mr. G A R R I C K,

At the Opening of the Theatre in DRURY-LANE 1747.

By the Same.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
 First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR rose;
 Each change of manly-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
 And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Then JOHNSON came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule;
 His studious patience, and laborious art,
 By regular approach essay'd the heart;
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
 For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd praise.
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wish'd for JOHNSON's art, or SHAKESPEAR's flame.

Themselves

Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend,
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
 Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
 And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

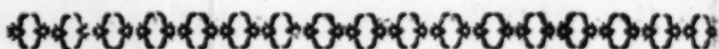
Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the power of tragedy declin'd;
 From bard to bard, the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
 Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
 But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit:
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
 And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage?
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
 New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store.
 Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride.
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of Taste;
 With every meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
 Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the public voice,

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please, to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense ;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth, and salutary woe ;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.



THE
R U I N S O F R O M E,
A P O E M.

By Mr. DYER.

*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ :
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' volut ipsa cadavera tanta
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas ?*

Janus Vitalis.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, thro' various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,

O'er

O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote ; beyond
 The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
 Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
 To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
 Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
 Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
 Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight ;
 Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap ! her heroes all
 Sunk in their urns ! behold the pride of pomp,
 The throne of nations fall'n ; obscur'd in dust ;
 Even yet majestic ! the solemn scene
 Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
 Flames on the ruins, in the purer air
 Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
 Like broken rocks, a vast circumference ;
 Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,
 Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs !

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk,
 Immense along the waste ; minuter art,
 Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
 O'erwhelming ; as th' immense LEVIATHAN
 The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
 Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears,
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
 Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercast
 The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
 And boundless wilds ; while the vine-mantled brows
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
 Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
 Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
 Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers,
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,

Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon :
 While murmurs sooth each awful interval
 Of ever-falling waters ; shrouded Nile (a),
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
 And palmy Euphrates ; they with dropping locks,
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
 The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here advent'rous in the sacred search
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
 Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
 Grateful society ! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
 On num'rous arches rear'd : and frequent stopp'd,
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chafin,
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
 Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
 Nor these the nether works ; all these beneath ;
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,
 Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
 Lake of Avernus ; such the sewers huge,
 Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
 Each wave impure ; and proud with added rains,
 Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
 And thunder ! how they heave their rocks in vain !
 Though now incessant time has roll'd around
 A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
 And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods

(a) *Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of
 those rivers.*

Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould;
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green and wide-embow'ring shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;
A solemn wilderness! With error sweet,
I wind the ling'ring step, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous gods,
Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths (b)
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form

(b) *Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.*

Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
 And boundless fame ; impatient for exploits,
 His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
 Above all height : and his own Brutus see,
 Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
 In evil days, of faith, of public weal
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
 Be Tully's graceful attitude ; uprais'd,
 His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
 Before the silent masters of the world,
 And eloquence arrays him. There behold
 Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
 The pious brothers ; jealous Alba stands
 In fearful expectation of the strife,
 And youthful Rome intent : the kindred foes
 Fall on each other's neck in silent tears ;
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace——
 Howe'er they soon unsheath'd the flashing sword,
 Their country calls to arms ; now all in vain
 The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
 Now weeps in vain ; their country calls to arms.
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd ;
 Such were the Fabii, Decii ; so inspir'd
 The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke :
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
 And build me virtuous fame ; nor shall the dust
 Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
 The fate alone of matter.——Now the brow
 We gain enraptur'd ; beautifully distinct (c)

(c) *From the Palatin-hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.*

Th

The num'rous porticos and domes upswell,
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
 And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
 Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Egyptian plain:
 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
 Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
 Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
 Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
 Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
 While from the central floor the seats ascend
 Round above round, slow-wid'ning to the verge,
 A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
 Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
 The fiery, madd'd, tyrants of the wilds,
 Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
 And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
 By frequent converse with familiar death,
 To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
 To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
 Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
 Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd (d)

(d) *The Capitol.*

In

In ancient days, the page alone declares,
 Or narrow coin through dim cærulean rust.
 The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
 O'er thick surrounding temples beaming wide,
 Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
 Half the round sun ascends ; and tower'd aloft,
 Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
 Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd
 Too prosperous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,
 Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
 Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
 Pantheon ; plain and round ; of this our world
 Majestic emblem ; with peculiar grace,
 Before its ample orb, projected stands
 The many-pillar'd portal ; noblest work
 Of human skill : here, curious architect,
 If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass
 Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
 On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
 And turn th' instructive compass : careful mark
 How far in hidden art, the noble plain
 Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
 Of flowing sculpture : nor neglect to note
 How range the taper columns, and what weight
 Their leafy brows sustain : fair Corinth first
 Boasted their order which Callimachus
 (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
 Haply compos'd ; the urn with foliage curl'd
 Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd ;

Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
 And there the temple, where the summon'd state (e)
 In deep of night conven'd : ev'n yet methinks
 The veh'ment orator in rent attire
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest ;
 And, lo ! the villain, like a troubled sea,
 That tosses up her mire ! Ever disguis'd,
 Shall treason walk ? shall proud oppression yoke
 The neck of virtue ? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
 Self-betray'd Catiline ! O liberty,
 Parent of happiness, celestial born !
 When the first man became a living soul,
 His sacred genius thou ; be Britain's care ;
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat ;
 Thence blest mankind ; while yet among her sons,
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
 Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
 May others more delight in tuneful airs ;
 In masque and dance excel ; to sculptur'd stone
 Give with superiour skill the living look ;
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
 With warmer touch the visionary board :
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway ;
 To quell the proud ; to spread the joys of peace,
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.
 Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,
 Inestimable good ! who giv'st us Truth,
 Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,

(e) *The Temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.*

Array'd in ev'ry charm: whose hand benign
 Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name
 Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Libya bright, and all enchanting Greece,
 Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
 Rejoice'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
 (Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
 And plan'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
 Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
 Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
 Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
 And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, (f) vast,
 In days of dearth where tender Charity
 Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
 Thine too those musically-falling founts
 To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
 Musical ever; while from yon blue hills
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er
 The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,
 Proud and more proud, in their august approach;
 High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
 Glide the soft-whispering waters in the wind,
 And here united pour their silver streams
 Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
 And what beside felicity could tell
 Of human benefit: more late the rest;

(f) *The public granaries.*

At various times their turrets chance'd to rise,
When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome (g)
Couches beneath the ruins : there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous ; to fling the pointed lance ;
To vault the steed ; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;
Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, clos'd heads, and distant feet ;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets : there they form'd
Their ardent virtues : lo the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches ; all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high-verge'd the solemn paths of Fame :
Deserve they not regard ? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war ;
Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings ;
So many pomps ; so many wond'ring realms :
Yet still through mountains pierce'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even state, to distant seas around,
They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
Built by that Prince, who to the trust of power (h)
Was honest, the delight of human kind.
Three nodding isles remain ; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds ; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose

(g) *Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.*

(h) *Began by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.*

An hundred feet aloft, like stately beach
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
 Charming the mimic painter : on the walls
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils ; the golden board,
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
 Of ancient towns ; and blue Soraſte ſpires,
 Wrapping his ſides in tempeſts. Eaſtward hence,
 Nigh where the Ceſtian pyramid divides (i)
 The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
 Whoſe duſt the ſolemn antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken ſculptures caſt abroad,
 Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
 Rejoice'd, and the green medals frequent found
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame :
 The ſtately pines, that ſpread their branches wide
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls (k),
 Appear but tufts ; as may whate'er is high
 Sink in compariſon, minute and vile.

Theſe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
 Rent of their graces ; as Britannia's oaks
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged ſides,
 Stand in the clouds, their branches ſcatter'd round,
 After the tempeſt ; Mauſoleums, Cirques,
 Naumachies, Forums ; Trajan's column tall,
 From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
 And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
 Its hero to the ſkies : and his dark tower (l)

(i) *The tomb of Ceſtius, partly within and partly without the walls.*

(k) *The baths of Caracalla, a vaſt ruin.*

(l) *Nero's.*

Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
 And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
 Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome (*m*);
 And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
 Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
 There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
 When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
 Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
 So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
 From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
 Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
 Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
 And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
 Blended in dust together; where the slave
 Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
 Relinquish his power; the miser drops his hoard;
 Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
 When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
 When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
 A gently wak'ning call to health and ease.
 How musical! when all-devouring Time,
 Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,

(*m*) *The Palatin library.*

While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy !
Cool ev'ning comes ; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs ; away, my Muse,
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half efface'd ; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys ; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves ;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement ; a low
Plain wall remains ; a little sun-guilt heap,
Grotesque and wild ; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof ; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd :
Here flow'd his fountain ; here his laurels grew ;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world :
Happy Augustus ! who so well inspir'd
Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses ! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,

Or open mountain, or whatever scene
 The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme
 Melodious ; even the rugged sons of war,
 Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name :
 But now—another age, alas ! is ours——
 Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
 Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
 And each aggrieves his brother ; since in vain
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
 Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—

See'st thou yon Fane ? ev'n now incessant time (n)
 Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
 'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
 Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
 Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
 Sportive ; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs :
 So taught of Jove, even the fell savage fed
 Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
 Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
 Green rushes spread the roofs ; and here and there
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
 Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views

(n) *The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.*

Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds;
 And gath'ring swains; and rolls his yellow car
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around
 Jealous; yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
 For then no private pomp, no household state,
 The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
 How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
 Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagi'd—Shine not all the fields
 With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
 Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
 Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
 Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
 To know their duties; that their only strife,
 Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punick shores; till Carthage fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
 With precious spoils: alas prosperity!

Ah baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
 Of boundless sway, and sev'rish thirst of gold,
 Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
 Half-rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
 Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
 Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
 In proud security: the crested helm,
 The plated greave and corselet hung unbrace'd;
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
 But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
 'Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind
 Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
 Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,
 Superiour to their rage: enfeebling vice
 Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
 To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek
 (As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)
 Or cool Nymphæan grotts; or tepid baths
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
 The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expence:
 Thro' silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
 Melodious murmuring; while luxury

Over

Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants;
Brood of Volupt'ousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.

The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high-testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
To slake Patrician thirst: for these, their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and lo
Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts, (c)
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts! the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they dance'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,

(c) *Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.*

Immortal

A COLLECTION.

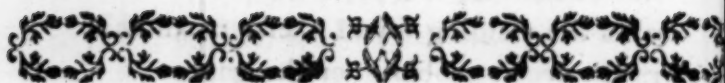
81

Immortal Cæsar ! lo, a God, a God !
 He cleaves the yielding skies ! Cæsar meanwhile
 Gathers the ocean pebbles ; or the gnat
 Enrage'd pursues ; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province ; tastes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and sycophants : a God, a God !
 The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows !
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
 Rush as the breach of waters, welming all
 Their domes, their villas ; down the festive piles,
 Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
 And ease and luxury ! O luxury,
 Bane of elated life of affluent states,
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine ?
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great !
 Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes
 Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high boasting Cham
 And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous Greece ;
 And the great queen of earth, imperial ROME.





T H E
SCHOOL-MISTRESS.
 A P O E M,
 IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.
 By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

*Audite voces, vagitus et ingens,
 Infantumque animæ flentes in Limine primo.* VIAG

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper
 for the Author's imitation on this occasion, are his
 language, his simplicity, his manner of description,
 and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable
 throughout his works.*

I.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies;
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise!
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II. In

II.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
 They griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
 And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

III.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near Her little dome did stowe;
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow;
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
 And shape'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden place'd:
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast:
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne Superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

V. Near

V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Left weakly wights of smaller size shou'd stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray:
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the Hare-bell that adorns the field:
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious Fear entwine'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad Repentance fill'd;
 And stedfast Hate, and sharp Affliction join'd,
 And Fury uncontroll'd, and Chastisement unkind.

VII.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Ausfer: these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

VIII.

VIII.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fence'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, range'd around,
Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
ground.

IX.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenge'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a Mind which did that title love.

X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

XI.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
 That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew ;
 Where no vain flower disclos'd a gawdy streak ;
 But herbs for use, and phyfic, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew :
 The tufted Basil, pun-provoking Thyme,
 Fresh Baum, and Marygold of cheerful hue ;
 The lowly Gil, that never dares to climb ;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

XII.

Yet Euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;
 And pungent Radish, biting infant's tongue ;
 And Plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;
 And Marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
 And Lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

XIII.

And here trim Rosmarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here ;
 Where edge'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
 Oh wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :
 Simplicity then fought her humble cell,
 Nor ever would She more withthane and lordling dwell.

XIV. Here

XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
 But in her garden found a summer seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
 All, for the Nonce, untuning ev'ry string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And, in those Elfin's ears, would oft deplore
 The times, when truth by Popish rage did bleed;
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That would on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:
 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

XVI.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld deface'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefast liege is place'd,
 The matron fate; and some with rank she grace'd,
 (The source of childrens and of courtiers pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise;
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays;
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy croud she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are;
 To save from finger wet the letters fair:
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St. George's high achievements does declare;
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

XIX.

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
 As erst the * bard by Mulla's silver stream,
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
 And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest Ermpilin.

* *Spenser.*

XX.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure,
 His little sister doth his peril see :
 All playful as she fate, she grows demure ;
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee :
 She meditates a prayer to set him free :
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

XXI.

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command ;
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XXII.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
 The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
 When he, in abject wise implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

XXIII.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore disinay,
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care :
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey,
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
 Till Fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

XXIV.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,-
 And in befeemly order sitten there;
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair;
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be careis'd.

XXV.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All sinear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
 O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

XXVI. Behind

XXVI.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth ought,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look asance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

XXVII.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fixt breast which Fit and Right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespear, names that ne'er shall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor staryling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

XXIX. And

XXIX.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
 Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,
 And many an Epic to his rage shall yield;
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
 Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is
 here?"

XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars their prison-door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
 For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the fun.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade;
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles, or in ladies bowers.
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

XXXII. See

XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;
 Some building fragile tenements of clay;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
 Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

XXXIII.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full fore the unmoney'd wight, are seen;
 And gooseb'ry clad in liv'ry red or green;
 And here of lovely dye, the Cath'rine pear,
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
 O may no wight e'er pennyléss come there,
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

XXXIV.

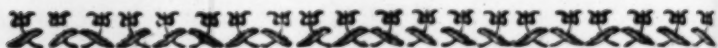
See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
 And must be bought tho' penury betide.
 The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
 And here each season, do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known*.

* *Shrewsbury cakes.*

XXXV. Admir'd

XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave;
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
 Ah! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
 Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.



O D E, T O A L A D Y.

On the Death of Col. CHARLES ROSS, in the Action
 at Fontenoy. Written May 1745.

By Mr. W. COLLINS.

I.

WHILE, lost all his former mirth,
 BRITANNIA's genius bends to earth,
 And mourns the fatal day;
 While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear
 Unseemly from his sea-green hair
 The wreaths of cheerful may;

II.

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
 And fond remembrance loves to raise,

Your

OF POEMS.

95

Your faithful hours attend ;
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

III.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid :
That sacred spot the village hind
With ev'ry sweetest turf shall bind,
And peace protect the shade.

IV.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve
And bend the pensive head !
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand,
Shall point his lonely bed !

V.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their fainted rest :
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

VI.

Old EDWARD's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight ;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

VII. If,

VII.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,
 These pictur'd glories naught impart
 To dry thy constant tear;
 Yet if in sorrow's distant eye,
 Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,
 Wild war insulting near:

VIII.

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
 The Muse shall still with social grief
 Her gentlest promise keep:
 Even humble HARTING's cottage'd vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
 And bid her shepherds weep.



O D E,

WRITTEN in the same YEAR.

By the Same.

HOW sleep the brave, who sunk to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than FANCY's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There

There HONOUR comes, a PILGRIM grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And FREEDOM shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping HERMIT there !



O D E T O E V E N I N G.

By the Same.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
 O NYMPH reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
 With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim born in heedless hum.
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,
 Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return !
 For when thy folding star arising shews

His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with fedge,
 And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,

The PENSIVE PLEASURES sweet

Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm Vot'refs, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,

Or up-land fallows grey

Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
 Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,

Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,

And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw

The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport

Beneath thy ling'ring light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves

Or Winter yelling thro' the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,

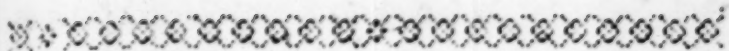
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, sure-found beneath the Sylvan shade,

Shall FANCY, FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, rose-lip'd

Thy gentlest influence own, [HEALTH,

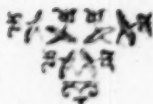
And Hymn thy fav'rite name !

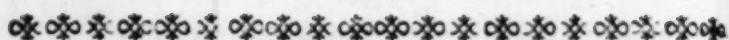


On a Lady's drinking the Bath-Waters.

By the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

THE gushing streams impetuous flow
 In haste to DELIA's lips to go,
 With equal haste and equal heat,
 Who would not rush those lips to meet?
 Bless'd envy'd streams, still greater bliss
 Attends your warm and liquid kiss.
 For from her lips your welcome tide
 Shall down her heaving bosom glide;
 There fill each swelling globe of love,
 And touch that heart I ne'er could move.
 From hence in soft meanders stray,
 And find at last the blissful way
 Which thought may paint, tho' verse mayn't say. }
 Too happy rival, dwell not there
 To rack my heart with jealous care,
 But quit the blest abode, tho' loth,
 And quickly passing, ease us both.





VERSES written in a LADY'S SHERLOCK
upon Death.

By the Same.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving ;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master ;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination ;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if, thus blest'd, I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.



S O N G.

By the Same.

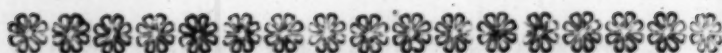
W Henever, Chloe, I begin
Your heart, like mine, to move,
You tell me of the crying sin
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,
Which gave to Chloe birth ?
How can those joys but be divine,
Which make a heaven on earth ?

To wed, mankind the priest trepann'd,
By some fly fallacy,
And disobey'd God's great command,
" Increase and multiply."

You say that love's a crime ; content :
Yet this allow you must,
" More joy's in heaven if one repent,
" Than over ninety just."

Sin then, dear girl, for Heaven's sake,
Repent and be forgiven ;
Bless me, and by repentance make
A holy-day in Heaven.



S O N G.

By LORD LYTTLETON.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me,
My longing eyes may hope at last,
Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will Love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same?
And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

VI. All

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this ;
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To Die and Think you mine.



O D E, in Imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

(*O Primavera Gioventu del Anno.*)

Written Abroad in 1729.

By the Same.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring.
 At whose approach inspir'd with equal fires,
 The am'rous Nightingale and Poet sing.

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess'd ;
 Blessings thou bring'it to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance, that I once was bless'd.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine ;
 But ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

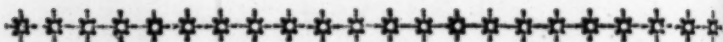
IV. Tho'

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear;
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint; for Delia is not there.

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

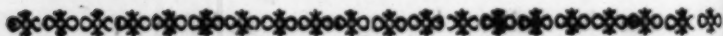


To Miss LUCY F——

With HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

By the Same.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
 In these soft numbers see;
 But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
 It must be read in me.



An Irregular ODE, written at Wickham
 in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham say,
 What is the charm that each successive year,
 Which sees me with my Lucy here,

Can

Can thus to my transported heart,
A sense of joy unfelt before impart ?

II.

It is glad Summer's balmy breath that blows
From the fair jess'mine, and the blushing rose ?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store,

Of rural bliss was here before :

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,

Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe ?

Four times has the revolving sun

His annual circle thro' the zodiac run ;

Since all that Love's indulgent power

On favour'd mortals can bestow,

Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,

Was yielded to my longing arms ;

And round our nuptial bed,

Hov'ring with purple wings, th' Idalian boy

Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires

Of innocent desires,

While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.

Whence then this strange increase of joy ?

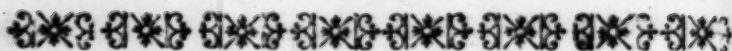
He, only he can tell, who match'd like me,

(If such another happy man there be)

Has by his own experience try'd

How much *the Wife* is dearer than *the Bride*.

To



To the MEMORY of the same L A D Y.

A MONODY. A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cavā solans agrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, et solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

By the Same.

I.

A T length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobl'd mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant, and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!

But

But never shall you now behold her more :
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice ;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring :
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found :
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound

No

No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of H——y, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye :
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of Wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delightful Mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every Virtue would have form'd your Youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of Truth
 O loss beyond repair!

O wretched Father left alone
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual Love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring power, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on (a) Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,

(a) *The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.*

Nor where (b) Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods
 Steep (c) Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where (d) Meles, or (e) Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome.
 And all that in her later days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright-sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd.

(b) *The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.*

(c) *The Anio runs through Tiber, or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.*

(d) *The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.*

(e) *The Ilissus is a river at Athens.*

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb.
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace !
 How eloquent in every look
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Or more than female tenderness !
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of other's good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To Guilt itself when in distress
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !

Even for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all,

XII.

Nor only good, and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superiour down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or int'rest's, or ambition's highest prize ;
 That injur'd or offended never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All-pleasing shone; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such **LUCY** was, when in her fairest days
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows: [dies.
 The tender, blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand:
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How is the world to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 Even the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
 raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?

OF POEMS.

115

Or whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, every friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite authour we together read.
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again,
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchange'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, of my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.

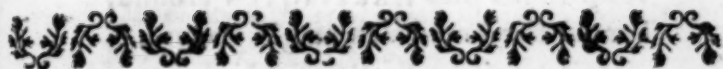
That

That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd,

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure, exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees.
How frail, how insecure, how slight
Is every mortal bliss,
Even love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.





An O D E,

To WILLIAM PULTNEY, Esq;

By ————— Esq.

I.

R Emote from Liberty and Truth,
 By Fortune's crime, my early youth
 Drank Errour's poison'd springs.
 Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
 Wrapt up in reverential awe,
 I bow'd to priests and kings.

II.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight:
 I caught the glimpse of painful light,
 Afflicted and afraid.
 Too weak it shone to mark my way,
 Enough to tempt my steps to stray
 Along the dubious shade.

III.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
 Lo HOOKER shines! the friendly star
 Sends forth a steady ray.
 Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
 I mount, till glorious to my view,
 LOCKE spreads the realms of day.

IV.

Now warm'd with noble SIDNEY's page,
 I pant with all the patriot's rage;
 Now wrapt in PLATO's dream,

With

With MORE and HARRINGTON around,
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

V.

But soon the beauteous vision flies ;
And hideous spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful train :
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priest forsaking Virtue's cause,
And senates slaves to gain.

VI.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
On some immortal plan ;
Within a sure, tho' varying date,
Confin'd, alas ! is every state
Of empire and of man.

VII.

What tho' the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
To break th' eternal doom !
Tho' CATO liv'd, tho' TULLY spoke,—
Tho' BRUTUS dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perish'd fated ROME:

VIII.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good FLEURY pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores ;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
While rapine wastes her stores.

IX.

Yet glorious is the great design,
 And such, O PULTNEY! such is thine,
 To prop a nation's frame.
 If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
 The ruins of a falling state
 Shall tell the Patriot's name.

TO CLARISSA.

By the Same.

'T WAS when the friendly shade of night
 Suspends the busy cares of light,
 And on the various world bestows
 Or sprightly joy, or calm repose:
 With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,
 And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.

Clarissa came to bless the feast,
 Clarissa dearly welcome guest.
 Not such she look'd as when by day
 She blazes in the diamond's ray;
 And adding to each gem a grace,
 Gives India's wealth the second place.
 But soft reclin'd in careless ease,
 More pleasing, less intent to please.
 Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,
 Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd;
 Half bare to view her milk-white breast,
 A slender vale scarce shades the rest:
 Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,
 And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,
 And drink in love at either ear ;
 Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,
 While our eyes meet with blended rays ;
 And kindling in th' infectious flame,
 I feel what words want power to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,
 Cautious I steal a broken glance ;
 In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,
 And laughter swell with bursting sighs ;
 For Envy, pallid fiend, was there,
 And jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,
 And with them, all my soul desires,
 Clarissa goes.—Ah ! cruel fate !
 She goes with her ill-forted mate :
 Sullen and slow he moves along,
 And heavy hums a drowsy song.
 O ! drowsy may the monster lie,
 And instant slumbers seal his eye !
 So shalt thou, best belov'd, escape
 The horrors of a legal rape.

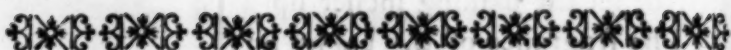
Or, shou'd the brutish instinct goad,
 And thou must bear th' unwelcome load ;
 If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,
 To shun what tyrant-laws ordain ;
 Ah sparing deal out scanty dues,
 And keep whate'er thou can'st refuse !
 Ah ! give no bounding pulse to beat,
 No cheek to glow with genial heat !
 No breast to heave in am'rous play,
 No limbs to twine, no hands to stray ;
 But sluggish press the joyless bed,
 And lie in cold indiff'rence dead :

Nor let the blasting spoiler sip
The fragrance of thy balmy lip!
To share with him the lover's part,
Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if, in chaster love's despite,
Warm nature catch the known delight;
While fierce desires tumultuous rise,
And rapture melts thy closing eyes;
Ah! be those joys for me design'd,
And let me rush upon thy mind!
To me the burning kiss impart,
On me impress the humid dart,
For me unlock the nectar'd store,
Then sigh, and dream the transport o'er!

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,
Delusive fancy charms my thought;
And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,
Willing I hug the dear deceit;
From fiction real bliss receive,
And all I fondly wish believe;
Nor envy to a husband's arms,
The dull fruition of her charms.

But when, regardless of my truth,
She smiles on some more favour'd youth;
And while he whispers in her ears,
With more than wonted pleasure hears;
My jealous thought his voice supplies,
And reads perdition in her eyes.
Then torn with envy, love, and hate,
I wish her with her wedded mate.



EPIGRAMS.

By the same.

EPIGRAM I.

I Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

EPIGRAM II.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months afunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

EPIGRAM III.

LIE on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

EPIGRAM IV.

On Mrs. PENELOPE.

THE gentle Pen, with look demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure:
But Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.



To the Honourable ***.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

O CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
 Who knows thou lov'st him wherefoe'er he goes:
 Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
 And often would be told the thing he knows.
 Why then, thou loiterer fleets the silent year,
 How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that osier'd stream,
 Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way:
 We do not now of distant ages dream,
 And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day.
 No fancied heroes rise at our command,
 And no TIMOLEON weeps, and bleeds no THEBAN band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like these,
 From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
 Thou still in GRANTA'S shades enjoy'st at ease
 The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we shar'd;
 Nor see'st without such aids the day decline,
 Nor think'st how much their loss has added weight to
 thine.

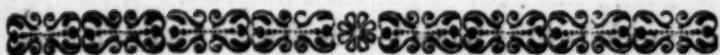
Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
 Are thine, are friendship's, and retirement's lot;
 To conversation is the world confin'd,
 Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;
 And interest stains, and vanity controuls
 The pure unsullied thoughts, and fallies of our souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat
 The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
 Even at the first with willing minds we met,
 And ere the root was fix'd the branches grew.
 In vain had Fortune plac'd her weak barrier,
 Clear was thy breast from pride, and mine from servile
 fear.

I saw thee gen'rous, and with joy can say
 My education rose above my birth,
 Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold clay
 Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
 To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend.
 Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee
 friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
 And aukward fondness cares on cares employ
 To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
 Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy:
 He's only kind who takes the noble way
 T' unbind the springs of thought and give them power
 to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with scorn
 On vulgar pride from vaunted heroes sprung;
 Lords of themselves, thank heaven that they were born
 Above the sordid miser's glitt'ring dung,
 Above the servile grandeur of a throne,
 For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their
 own.



AN O D E.

To a GENTLEMAN, on his pitching a Tent in his
GARDEN.

By the Same.

AH! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hostile scenes of image'd war;
Content still roves the blooming wilds,
And sheds her mildest influence there:
Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,
By nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely lost the living greens
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?
Where thro' each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,
And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade.

But now no bards thy woods among,
Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call;
For tho' to mirth and festal song
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the scene?

'Tis true of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And change'd at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air;

But long has man forgot such simple ways,
Truth unsuspecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of Care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,
But 'midst the damps and darkness of Earth's womb
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb;

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire presage in every breeze that blows
Hears shrieks, and clashing arms, and all Germania's woes.

And doubt not thy polluted taste
A sudden vengeance shall pursue;
Each fairy form we whilom trace'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, Satyr, Faun, shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all arm'd with dews unblest,
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,
Already, from the bleak north-east,
The Genius of the wood appear!
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night.

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
To bid the insect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire?

Alas!

Alas! with prayers, with tears his rage repel,
While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform

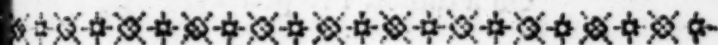
The fairest produce of the year ;

Too late thou'lt weep, when ev'ry storm

Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,

" Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain

Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign."



The JE NE SCAI QUOI.

A S O N G.

By the same.

I.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And CÆLIA has undone me ;
And yet I'll swear I cant tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

II.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

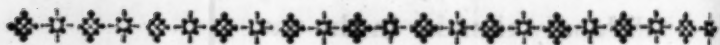
III.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

IV. Her

IV.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—
 'Twas both perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of CÆLIA altogether.



An O D E,

On a distant Prospect of
 ETON COLLEGE.

By Mr. GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watry glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her HENRY's holy shade;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields below'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball;

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast,
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:

Yet

Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey the murth'rous band !
Ah, shew them they are men !

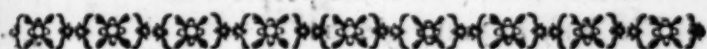
These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind ;
Or pineing love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim visage'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy ;
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it force'd to flow ;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain ;
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.



O D E.

By the same.

LO ! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair VENUS' train appear,
 Disclose the long expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year !
 The ATTIC warbler pours her throat
 Responsive to the Cuckoo's note,
 That untaught harmony of spring :
 While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

II. Where'er

II.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade :
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade ;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great !

III.

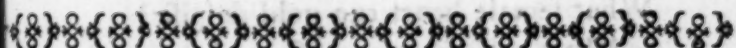
Still is the toiling hand of care :
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how thro' the people'd air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

IV.

To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

V.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply ;
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone —
 We frolic, while 'tis May.



ODE on the Death of a Favourite CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of GOLD FISHES.

By the same.

I.

TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers, that blow ;
 Demurest of the Tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gaze'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conscious tail her joy declare'd ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 The coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.

VOL. I.

M

III. Still

III.

Still had she gaz'd : but 'midst the tide
 Two beateous forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream ;
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?

V.

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between ;
 (Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)
 The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every watry god,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
 A fav'rite has no friend !

VII.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold :
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And headless hearts, is lawful prize ;
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.



A

PIPE OF TOBACCO:

IN IMITATION OF

Six Several AUTHOURS.

IMITATION I.

COLLEY CIBBER.

A NEW-YEAR's ODE.

RECITATIVO.

OLD battle-array, big with horror is fled,
 And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her head.
 Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;
 Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
 TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire,
 When wintry storms around us beat,
 TOBACCO cheers with gentle fire.
 Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
 In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,
 Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy sweets;
 Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's power,
 And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

M 2

AIR.

A I R.

Happy mortal! he who knows
 Pleasure which a PIPE bestows;
 Curling eddies climb the room,
 Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
 While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;
 BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,
 Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd;
 Ev'n restless Faction finds itself most free,
 Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

A I R.

Smiling years that gayly run
 Round the Zodiac with the sun,
 Tell, if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene.
 BRITISH sons no longer now
 Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
 Nor of crimson combat think,
 But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gayly run
 Round the Zodiac with the sun,
 Tell, if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.

Mr. PHILIPS.

Little tube of mighty power,
 Charmer of an idle hour,
 Object of my warm desire,
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire:
 And thy snowy taper waist;
 With my finger gently brace'd;
 And thy pretty swelling crest,
 With my little stopper prest,
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
 Happy thrice; and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy men;
 Who when agen the night returns,
 When agen the taper burns;
 When agen the crickets gay,
 (Little cricket full of play)
 Can afford his tube to feed
 With the fragrant INDIAN weed:
 Pleasure for a nose divine,
 Incense of the God of wine.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III.

Mr. THOMSON.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
 TOBACCO, fountain pure of limpid truth,
 That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought

Swarms all the mind ; absorpt is yellow care,
 And at each puff imagination burns :
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise,
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
 From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent powers perfum'd
 Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
 Each parent ray ; then rudely ram'd illume,
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
 Mark'd with Gibsonian lore ; forth issue clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
 And many-mining fires : I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
 But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,
 In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
 Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
 Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou
 My Muse ; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

IMITATION IV.

Dr. YOUNG.

CRITICS avaunt ; TOBACCO is my theme ;
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
 Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
 POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
 So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.

Coxcombs

Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
 Lord FOPLIN smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
 Sir TAWDRY smokes not—for he wears brocade.
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;
 But courtiers hate the puffing tribe, no matter,
 Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
 Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he
 Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
 The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
 Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—spit.
 CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink;
 She will not smoke (ye gods!)—but she will drink:
 And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
 Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
 Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
 While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame;
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—ev'ry thing.

IMITATION V.

Mr. P O P E.

BLeft leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA's shrine
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
 Content more solid than the smile of lords:
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
 The last kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
 By thee protected, and thy sister, Beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
 What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

IMITATION VI.

DEAN SWIFT.

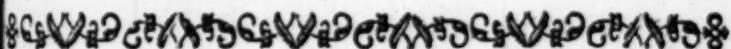
BOY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's best,
 And bid the vicar be my guest:
 Let all be place'd in manner due,
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,
 And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
 Of use to light a pipe, or * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *

This village, unmolested yet
 By troopers, shall be my retreat:
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
 Who cannot write or vote for *.
 Far from the vermin of the town,
 Here rather let me live, my own,
 Doze o'er a gipe, whose vapour bland
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land;

Of all which at Vienna passes,
 As ignorant as * * Brass is;
 And scorning rascals to caress,
 Extol the days of good Queen BESS,
 When first TOBACCO blest our isle,
 Then think of other Queens—and smile.

Come, jovial pipe, and bring along
 Midnight revelry and song;
 The merry catch, the madrigal,
 That echoes sweet in City Hall;
 The parson's pun, the smutty tale
 Of country justice o'er his ale.
 I ask not what the French are doing,
 Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin:
 Britons, if undone, can go,
 Where TOBACCO loves to grow.



T H E

TRIUMPH of INDIFFERENCE.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

THANKS, dear coquette! indulgent cheat!
 Kind heaven, and your more kind deceit,
 At length have set me free:
 No more I doat, and sigh, and pine,
 All ease without, and calm within,
 In peace and liberty.

II. Cupid

II.

Cupid no more has power to scorch,
 Time, sure, has robb'd him of his torch,
 Ne'er was a cooler creature :
 That name no more has such eclat,
 No more my heart goes pit-a-pat
 At sight of each dear feature.

III.

I sleep at night, and sometimes dream,
 Nor you the fond vexatious theme ;
 I wake, nor think about you :
 I meet, I leave you, meet again,
 But feel no mighty joy or pain,
 Or with you, or without you.

IV.

Now with indifference I chat
 Of eyes, lips, bubbies, and all that,
 And laugh at former follies :
 Joke with my rival when we meet,
 What eye so keen ! what lips so sweet !
 What skin so soft as Molly's !

V.

Leave then those little torturing arts,
 You practice on complying hearts ;
 They're all in vain, believe me :
 Whether these eyes look kind, or weep,
 The pouting, or the smiling lip,
 Will neither please, nor grieve me.

VI.

From those despotic looks, no more
 (Once tyrants of each fickle hour)
 I date my grief and joy :

May, tho' you frown, looks sweetly clad;
And dull December's mighty sad,
Tho' you stand smiling by.

VII.

Yet still (for I am quite sincere)
You're mighty pretty—true, my dear,
But, like your pretty sex,
You've here and there, and now and then
A failing; for, like other men,
I now can spy defects.

VIII.

Yet once with coward fondness curs'd,
My poor weak heart I fear'd would burst
At thought of separation:
But now despise my feeble chain,
And bless the salutary pain
That cur'd me of my passion.

IX.

Impatient of his iron cage,
The bird thus spends his little rage,
And 'scapes with shatter'd wings:
But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,
And hast'ning to his native bowers,
A joyful welcome sings.

X.

Fond female vanity will say,
These long harangues they sure betray
A heart that's hankering still:
This passion so proclaim'd in song,
This tale so pleasing to the tongue,
Does it not touch the will?

XI. Lovers

A COLLECTION

XI.

Lovers like soldiers, Molly, dwell
With pleasure on the horrid tale,
When all the danger's o'er :
Like other slaves from fetters free,
We smile with anxious joy, to see
The chains which once we wore.

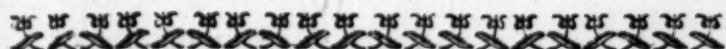
XII.

In kind indulgence to a heart,
Engag'd in so severe a part,
This sweet revenge I write :
Rail, weep, be woman all, for I
Lull'd in indifference, defy
Your fondness or your spite.

XIII.

A frail false maid I lost, but you
A man, fond, generous, and true ;
Which fortune is the worst ?
Try all love's mighty empire round,
A faithful lover's seldom found ;
A jilt's a common curse.





An O D E

O N

ÆOLUS'S HARP*.

By the late JAMES THOMSON, Esq. Author of
the Seasons.

I.

Thereal race, inhabitants of air!
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid;
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart?
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid
Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the *sacred Bard!* (a) who sat alone,
In the dear waste, and wept his people's woes.

* *Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.*

(a) *Jeremiah.*

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates's stream they made their plaint:
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
 Thro' heavens high dome their awful anthem raise:
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind,
 Who as wild Fancy prompts you touch the string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For 'till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.



The CHOICE of HERCULES.

A P O E M.

I.

NOW had the son of Jove mature, attain'd
 The joyful prime: when youth, elate and
 gay,

Steps into life; and follows unrestrain'd
 Where passion leads, or prudence points the way
 In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
 Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root
 Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
 By just decrees; fair bloom of fairest fruit:

For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

II.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;
Step following step, and thought succeeding
thought:

Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd
His walk; and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay [way.
Here Virtue's rough ascent, there Pleasure's flowery

III.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.

When, lo! far off two female forms he spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear:

Both, large and tall, exceeding human size;

Both far exceeding human beauty, fair.

Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move:

This, striking sacred awe; that, softer, winning love.

IV.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd;

Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more:

Health, o'er her looks, a genuine lustre cast;

A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow she wore.

August she trod, yet modest was her air;
 Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.
 Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
 More mild appear'd: yet such as might inspire
 Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
 Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

V.

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
 But bold her mien; unguarded rov'd her eye:
 And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
 All soft and delicate, with airy swim
 Lightly she dance'd along; her robe betray'd
 Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:
 And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
 Her stature shew'd more tall; more snowy-white her
 skin.

VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
 Even on her shade a conscious look she threw:
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
 As they came near, before that other maid
 Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
 With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,
 With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
 dress'd;
 With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
 Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

VII. ' Dear

VII.

- ' Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?
 ' Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
 ' mind ?
 ' Securely follow, where I lead the way ;
 ' And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
 ' With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care ;
 ' Embath'd in blifs, and rapt in endless ease :
 ' Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and
 ' war ;
 ' Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
 ' With me retire, from toils and perils free ;
 ' Leave honour to the wretch ! Pleasures were made
 ' for thee.

VIII.

- ' Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire ;
 ' All that may charm thine ear, and please thy
 ' fight :
 ' All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
 ' To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.
 ' The sumptuous feast, enhance'd with music's
 ' sound ;
 ' Fittest to tune the melting soul to love :
 ' Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around ;
 ' The fragrant bower, cool fountain, shady grove :
 ' Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy
 ' head ;
 ' Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

IX.

' These will I, freely, constantly supply ;
 ' Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with
 ' woe :
 ' Far from thy rest repining want shall fly ;
 ' Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
 ' Mature the copious harvest shall be thine ;
 ' Let the laborious hind subdue the soil :
 ' Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win ;
 ' Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoils :
 ' These softer cares my blest allies employ,
 ' New pleasures to invent ; to wish, and to enjoy.'

X.

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught :
 He gaze'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
 Still gaze'd, and listen'd : then her name besought :
 ' My name, fair youth, is Happiness, she said.
 ' Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain :
 ' They share my bliss ; they best can speak my praise :
 ' Tho' Slander call me Sloth—Detraction vain !
 ' Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says :
 ' Slander, still prompt true merit to defame ;
 ' To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name.'

XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid :
 (She all the while, with the same modest pace,
 Compos'd advanc'd.) ' Know, Hercules,' she said
 With manly tone, ' thy birth of heavenly race ;
 ' Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
 ' Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave and wise ;
 ' When manhood should confirm thy glorious
 ' Now expectation waits to see thee rise. [choice :
 ' Rise,

Rise, youth ! Exalt thyself, and me : approve
 Thy high descent from heaven ; and dare be worthy
 ' Jove.

XII.

' But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
 ' disguise ;
 ' The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd :
 ' Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
 ' Propos'd by heav'n ; true bliss, and real good.
 ' Honour rewards the brave and bold alone ;
 ' She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :
 ' Danger and toil stand stern before her throne ;
 ' And guard, (so Jove commands,) the sacred place,
 ' Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
 And pay the price of fame ; labour, and care, and pain.

XIII.

' Would'st thou engage the gods peculiar care ?
 ' O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore !
 ' With a pure heart, with sacrifice and prayer
 ' Attend their altars ; and their aid implore.
 ' Or wou'dst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
 ' Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ?
 ' Be thou the bold assertor of her cause ;
 ' Her voice, in council ; in the fight, her sword.
 ' In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good :
 For her, bare thy bold breast ; and pour thy generous
 ' blood.

XIV.

' Wou'dst thou, to quell the proud and lift the
 ' oppress'd,
 ' In arts of war and matchless strength excel ?
 ' First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,
 ' To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.
 ' The

- ' The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
- ' In watches waste ; in painful march, the day :
- ' Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows ;
- ' Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.
- ' Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superiour night :
- ' Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight.

XV.

- ' Hear'st thou, what monsters then thou must en-
- ' gage ;
- ' What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove ?
- (Abrupt says Sloth) ' ill fit thy tender age
- ' Tumult and wars ; fit age, for joy and love.
- ' Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy !
- ' To these I lead : no monsters here shall stay
- ' Thine easy course ; no cares thy peace annoy :
- ' I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.
- ' Short is my way ; fair, easy, smooth, and plain :
- ' Turn, gentle youth ! with me eternal pleasures reign.

XVI.

- ' What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine
- (Virtue with scorn reply'd :) ' who sleep'st in ease
- ' Insensate ; whose soft limbs the toil decline
- ' That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.
- ' Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require ;
- ' Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite :
- ' Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire ;
- ' Whom luxury supplies with appetite :
- ' Yet Nature loaths ; and you employ in vain
- ' Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

XVII.

'The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows;
 'The dainty board, with choicest viands spread;
 'To thee are tasteless all! Sincere repose
 'Flies from thy flowery couch and downy bed.
 'For thou art only tir'd with indolence:
 'Nor is thy sleep, with toil and labour bought:
 'The imperfect sleep that lulls thy languid sense
 'In dull oblivious interval of thought:
 'That kindly steals th' inactive hours away
 'From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out
 'the day.

XVIII.

'From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
 'Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:
 'Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
 'Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
 'Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
 'Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals blissful
 'place;
 'For ever banish'd from the realms above,
 'To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:
 'Fitter abode! On earth alike disgrace'd;
 'Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrace'd.

XIX.

'Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight
 'To gratify the ſenſe reſerv'd for thee!
 'Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,
 'Thine own fair action, never didſt thou ſee.
 'Tho'

- ‘ Tho’ lull’d with softest sounds thou liest along ;
- ‘ Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays :
- ‘ Ne’er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
- ‘ song
- ‘ Charming the soul, thou ne’er didst hear thy praise !
- ‘ No——to thy revels let the fool repair :
- ‘ To such, go smooth thy speech ; and spread thy tempt-
- ‘ ing snare.

XX.

- ‘ Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !
- ‘ A youth of follies ; and old age, of cares :
- ‘ Young, yet enervate ; old, yet never wise ;
- ‘ Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
- ‘ Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease
- ‘ Reserving woes for age their prime they spend ;
- ‘ All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days
- ‘ With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
- ‘ Griev’d, with the present ; of the past, ashamed :
- ‘ They live, and are despis’d : they die, nor more are
- ‘ nam’d.

XXI.

- ‘ But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell :
- ‘ Me, his supreme delight, th’ almighty Sire
- ‘ Regards well-pleas’d : whatever works excel,
- ‘ All or divine or human, I inspire.
- ‘ Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
- ‘ In union meet conjoin’d, with me reside :
- ‘ My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart ;
- ‘ The surest policy, the wisest guide.
- ‘ With me, true friendship dwells : she deigns to bind
- ‘ Those generous souls alone, whom I before have
- ‘ join’d.

XXII. ‘ Nor

'Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
 'Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
 'Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;
 'Sweet is their sleep: light, cheerful, strong they rise.
 'Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and re-
 'nown,
 'They tread my paths; and by a soft descent,
 'At length to age all gently sinking down,
 'Look back with transport on a life well-spent:
 'In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away;
 'In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every day.

XXIII.

'And when, the destin'd term at length compleat,
 'Their ashes rest in peace; eternal Fame
 'Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
 'In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
 'This, Hercules, is happiness! Obey
 'My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth
 'Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way
 'That leads to fame; and raises thee from earth
 'Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
 'Pursue the glorious path; and claim thy native skies.'

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
 New vigour to his soul; that sudden caught
 The generous flame: with great intent his heart
 Swells full; and labours with exalted thought:
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Thro' all her fraudulent arts in clearest light
 Sloth in her native form he new beheld;
 Unveil'd, she stood confess'd before his sight:

False

False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile, and fair : now wither'd, pale, and
gone.

XXV.

No more, the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembled looks : each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek ; pale sickness clouds her eye
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has a while display'd
Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay ;
While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away :
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright
Now lowers the low-hung cloud ; all gloomy to the sight

XXVI.

But virtue more engaging all the while
Disclos'd new charms ; more lovely, more serene
Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
Softens the terrors of her lofty mien.
' Lead, Goddess, I am thine ! (transported cry
Alcides :) ' O propitious power, thy way
' Teach me ! possess my soul ; be thou my guide
' From thee, O never, never let me stray !'
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd ;
With all the Goddesses fill'd, already glow'd his breast

XXVII.

The heavenly maid, with strength divine endued
His daring soul ; there all her powers combin'd
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

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Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
 From fiercest-monsters, thro' her powerful aid,
 He freed the earth : thro' her, he gain'd the skies.
 'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode ;
 Crown'd, with eternal youth : among the gods, a god.



The ENTHUSIAST:

OR THE

LOVER OF NATURE.

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

Rure vero barbaroque letatur. MARTIAL.————— *Ut ! mihi devio**Rupes, et vacuum nemus**Mirari libet !*

HORACE.

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft' at dusky eve
 By wondering shepherds seen, to forest brown,
 To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,
 Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
 Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimick gods,
 Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns
 Of high relief : can the long, spreading lake,
 Or vista lessening to the sight ; can Stow
 With all her Attic fanes, such raptures raise,
 As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
 The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,

VOL. I.

O

And

And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,
 While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots
 O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
 Hum drowsy lullabies ? The bards of old,
 Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm
 Sweet Echo with their songs ; oft' too they met
 In summer evenings, near sequester'd bowers,
 Or mountain-nymph, or muse, and eager learn'd
 The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.
 As to a secret grot Ægeria stole
 With patriot Numa, and in silent night
 Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat
 Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber lean'd
 Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.

Rich in her weeping country's spoils Versailles
 May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
 The tortur'd waters to the distant heavens ;
 Yet let me chuse some pine-top'd precipice
 Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
 Like Anio, tumbling roars ; or some bleak heath,
 Where straggling stand the mournful juniper,
 Or yew-tree scath'd ; while in clear prospect round,
 From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smoak
 In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,
 Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
 Of Gothic battlements appear, and streams
 Beneath the sun beams twinkle.—The shrill lark,
 That wakes the wood-man to his early task,
 Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
 Sooth lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove
 Pitied by listening milk-maid, far excel
 The deep-mouth viol, the soul-lulling lute,
 And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds !

That

That please not like the choristers of air,
When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent design like Nature? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleasure pours thro' (a) Lincoln's meads;
Can the great artist, tho' with taste supreme
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
Formality and method, round and square
Disdaining, plans irregularly great.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,
And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid,
Phyllis or Phœbe at a feast or wake,
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,
In innocence and home-spun vestments dress'd,
Than if cerulean sapphires at her ears
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-cross
Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.

Yon^a shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,
Listening to dashing waves, and sea-mews clang
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliss than the proud admiral,
Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold
And silken streamers, tho' his lordly nod
Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas (b) gaze'd with more delight

(a) *The Earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey, one of the finest spots in Europe.*

(b) *Æneid VIII.*

On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Descending shook his direful Ægis black)

Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhausted to enrich its stately head.

More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cott
On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,
Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound
Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs, to sooth his rest.

(c) Happy the first of men, ere yet confin'd
To smoaky cities; who in shelt'ring groves,
Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd;
By cares unwounded; what the sun and showers,
And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
Or blushing berry; by the liquid lapse
Of murm'ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,
Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly clasp their fav'rite youths,
Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.

Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhorr'd magician, and his costly cup

(c) See *Lucretius, lib. V.*

Prepares

Prépares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the souls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.

In earth's first infancy (as sung the (d) bard,
Who strongly painted what he boldly thought)
Tho' the fierce north oft smote with iron whip
Their shiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the bristly boar
Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves to rove
Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;
Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas
O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew;
In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt
The jolly sailor unsuspecting harm,
For commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,
Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pine,
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us
Diseaseful dainties, riot and excess,
And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes
Or marshes wild unknowingly they crop'd
Herbs of malignant juice, to realms remote
While we for powerful poisons madly roam,
From every noxious herb collecting death.
What tho' unknown to those primæval fires
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown
The shapely column, and the crumbling busts
Of awful ancestors in long descent?
Yet why should man mistaken deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's forests, architect supreme!

(d) *Lucretius.*

Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or softer to the votaries of ease
Than bladed grass, perfum'd with dew-drop'd flowers?
O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly banish Nature's simple charms!
All-beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms
Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn th' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast
That pants with wild astonishment and love!
Dark forests, and the op'ning lawn, refresh'd
With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay-colour'd close,
So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the distant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,
The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs
His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
The cheerful sun that thro' earth's vitals pours
Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire
To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind,
To lift on wings of praise, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whose nod
Creation started from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the griesly king
Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addison,
Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe

To a close cavern : (still the shepherds shew
The sacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whisp'ring of sweet music thro' the air),
Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft' sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

Oft near some crowded city would I walk,
Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,
Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells
Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,
Strike mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.
Or wand'ring near the sea, attend the sounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
Even when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine
To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,
Pensively musing on th' outrageous crimes
That wake Heaven's vengeance : at such solemn hours,
Demons and goblins thro' the dark air shriek,
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.
Then too, they say, in drear Egyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud ! the list'ning traveller
Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.

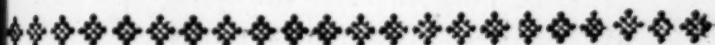
But let me never fail in cloudless nights,
When silent Cynthia in her silver car
Thro' the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,
Twinkle the streams, and woods look tip'd with gold,
To seek some level mead, and there invoke
Old Midnight's sister Contemplation sage,

(Queen

(Queen of the rugged brow, and stern-fix'd eye)
 To lift my soul above this little earth,
 This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
 That I may hear the rolling planet's song,
 And tuneful turning spheres: if this be barr'd,
 The little Fayes that dance in neighbouring dales,
 Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
 Shall charm me with aërial notes.—As thus
 I wander musing, lo, what awful forms
 Yonder appear! sharp-ey'd Philosophy
 Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,
 First meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
 Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight;
 Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
 Trembling, and bent with age; last Virtue's self
 Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
 Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her side,
 A naked boy!—Harrass'd with fear I stop,
 I gaze, when Virtue thus—'Whoe'er thou art,
 'Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
 'In these my midnight-walks; depart, and say
 'That henceforth I and my immortal train
 'Forlake Britannia's isle; who fondly stoops
 'To Vice, her favourite paramour.'—She spoke,
 And as she turn'd, her round and rosy neck,
 Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,
 Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.

O who will bear me then to western climes,
 (Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
 Yet unpolluted with Iberian swords:
 The isles of innocence, from mortal view
 Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,
 Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd,
 With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt

The boar and tiger thro' savannahs wild,
 Thro' fragrant deserts, and thro' citron-groves.
 There fed on dates and herbs, would I despise
 The far-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards
 Of narrow-hearted Avarice; nor heed
 The distant din of the tumultuous world.
 So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,
 Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,
 Serenely gay, nor sinking sailors' cries
 Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form
 The light fantastic dance, or for her hair
 Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes
 Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.



An ODE to FANCY.

By the Same.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O Nymph, with loosely flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,

OF

Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water you reside,
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!

Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where JOY and white-robb'd PEACE resort,
And VENUS keeps her festive court,
Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads ;
Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
Lis't'ning to the shepherd's song :
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ,
Haste, FANCY, from the scenes of folly
To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh !
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
Or to some Abbey's mould'ring towers,
Where, to avoid cold wintry showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

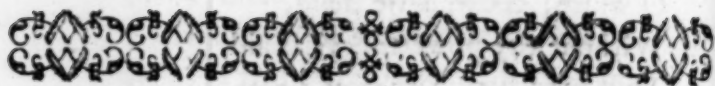
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows shrieks I hear,

Give

Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base GALLIC squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and Destruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded Reed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terrour stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon-shield!

O guide me from this horrid scene
To high arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely LAURA seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou can'st place me near my love,
Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly finite the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
Who with some new, unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terrour shake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!



An EPISTLE from SOAME JENNYNS, Esq;
in the Country, to the Right Hon. the
Lord LOVELACE in Town.

Written in the Year 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm:
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and 'squires;
Attorneys, for a barley-straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law;
And every neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:

Some

Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
 And some for difference in religions :
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,
 The tinker some a better teacher ;
 These to the Church they fight for, strangers,
 Have faith in nothing but her dangers ;
 While those, a more believing people,
 Can swallow all things — but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
 Care little how these matters go,
 And equally detest the strife
 And usual joys of country life,
 Have by good fortune little share
 Of its diversions, or its care ;
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,
 Who hunt all day, and drink all night ;
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
 A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting ;
 But then no farm I occupy,
 With sheep to rot, and cows to die :
 Nor rage I much, or much despair,
 Tho' in my hedge I find a snare ;
 Nor view I, with due admiration,
 All the high honours here in fashion ;
 The great commissions of the quorum,
 Terrours to all who come before 'em ;
 Militia scarlet, edge'd with gold,
 Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold :
 The representative's caressing,
 The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing.
 Nor can I for my soul delight
 In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
 Who, if you send three days before,
 In white gloves meets you at the door,

With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding.
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
JOHN, JOHN, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who spies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
Lord, how unlucky!—washing-day!
And all the men are in the hay!
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost:
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room,
Then there's such trampling over-head,
Madam you'd swear was brought to-bed;
Miss in a hurry bursts the lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and colliflower
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;

And

And by and by the second course
Comes lagging like a distance'd horse :
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring ;
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound ;
And as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachmen tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, rats, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, tho' sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business, nor diversions please me,
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend ?
I answer, with a book, or friend :
The circulating hours dividing,
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding ;
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experience'd taught the way ;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU ;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recals past ages back agen,
Where all I see, through every page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,

Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
 To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn;
 Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
 Yet always asses much the same.
 Sometimes I view with much delight,
 Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
 Here faith and works at variance set,
 Strive hard who shall the victory get;
 Presbytery and Episcopacy
 There fight so long, it would amaze ye:
 Here freewill holds a fierce dispute
 With reprobation absolute;
 There sense kicks transubstantiation,
 And reason pecks at revelation.
 With learned NEWTON now I fly
 O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
 Visit new worlds, and for a minute
 This old one scorn, and all that's in it:
 And now with labouring BOYLE I trace
 Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
 The latent qualities admire
 Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
 With pleasing admiration see
 Matter's surprising subtlety;
 As how the smallest lamp displays,
 For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
 Or how (the case still more t' explain)
 * A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
 The atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole spacious drawing-room.
 Sometimes I pass a whole long day
 In happy indolence away,

* See Boyle's Experiments.

And

And fondly meditate an hour
 Past pleasures, and in hoping more;
 Or wander through the fields and woods,
 And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
 There blooming flowers with rapture view,
 And sparkling gems of morning dew,
 Whence in my mind ideas rise
 Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from strife,
 Spend an inglorious country life;
 These are the joys I still pursue,
 When absent from the town and you:
 Thus pass long summer suns away,
 Busily idle, calmly gay;
 Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
 Not having much, or wishing more;
 Except that you, when weary grown
 Of all the follies of the town,
 And seeing, in all public places,
 The same vain fops and painted faces,
 Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend
 To visit a dull country friend:
 Here you'll be ever sure to meet
 A hearty welcome, tho' no treat,
 One who has nothing else to do,
 But to divert himself and you:
 A house, where quiet guards the door,
 No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar;
 Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
 Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.





The ART of DANCING.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY
FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730. By the Same.

Incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

CANTO I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mein,
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present all ye sacred Choir,
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre;
When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!
Hail lofliest art! thou can'st all hearts insnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her arms from you!
Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire:
A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for awhile our wond'ring eyes command,

But

But still, tho' form'd with all the powers of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
And shews each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as she turns around, from every part,
Like porcupines she sends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
For, Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind,
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
At every step new beauties we explore,
And worship now, what we admir'd before:
So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
Fair Venus met, the charming Queen of Love,
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien
And graceful step confess'd bright Beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What dresses best become the dancer; say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldiers scarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;

Whilst

Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
 As plainly speaks divinity within;
 The milkmaid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
 Wrapp'd in her cloak, and propp'd on pattens goes;
 Whilst the soft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
 Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
 The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
 Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
 But load the dancer with too great a weight,
 And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
 Rather let him his active limbs display
 In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
 Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press;
 But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
 Thin be his yielding foal, and low his heel,
 So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let no precepts known my verse prolong,
 Precepts which use will better teach than song;
 For why should I the gallant spark command,
 With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
 Or in his sobb enlivening spirits wear,
 And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
 Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
 Should from its silken bondage be unty'd?
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
 Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise;
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
 And shining silks with greasy powder foil'd?
 Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
 The pointed steel shall oft their stocking rend,
 And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view:

For you the silk-worms fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away,
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dies that paint the heavenly bow,
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts:
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair Nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own:
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts,
Dancing a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,

Yet

Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow:
 So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground,
 Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes:
 Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size,
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,
 Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a
 wound.

Nor shou'd the tighten'd stays too straitly lace'd,
 In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
 Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,
 Nor ruffles edge'd with dangling fringes wear;
 Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
 On the approaching button rough with gold,
 Nor force, nor art, can then the bonds divide,
 When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd:
 So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrace'd,
 Ever be sure to tie her garter fast,
 Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
 A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,

Who

Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show,
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)

It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame

By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.

And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue

BRITANNIA'S nobles grace, if Fame says true:

Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,

Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,

Still thy lost Garter is thy sov'reign's care,

And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,

Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;

Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,

A toy at once display'd for use and pride,

A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,

Cools your own breast, and ev'ry other's warms.

What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell

The powers that in this little weapon dwell?

What verse can e'er explain its various parts,

Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts?

Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,

Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,

When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,

If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:

Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,

And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,

When the the kind virgin burns with secret shame,

Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;

Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,

Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive theme to sing,

Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;

VOL. I.

Q

Rather

Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
 From whence this engine took its form and name,
 Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
 How form'd in heaven, how thence deduce'd to earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
 There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,
 A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face,
 FANNY the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string,
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
 Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,
 And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love;
 As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
 Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas then the summer sun, now mounted high,
 With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
 Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
 To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was lay'd;
 The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
 A blush, that added to their native red,
 And her fair breasts, as polish'd marble white,
 Were half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight;
 Jove the mighty god, whom winds obey,
 Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay,
 O'er all her charms he gaze'd with fond delight,
 And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight;
 He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
 But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;
 The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
 Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;

But

But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
 Wou'd not command one Zephyr to repair
 Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
 Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day ;
 By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
 Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
 With gales incessant to relieve her flame ;
 And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

C A N T O II.

NOW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
 The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths ad-
 The spacious room receives its jovial guest, [vance ;
 And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd :
 Thick range'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
 The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize :
 So, in a garden bath'd with genial showers,
 A thousand sorts of variegated flowers,
 Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
 And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
 High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
 Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
 Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
 Reflected back from gems, and eyes below :
 Unnumber'd fans to cool the crouded fair
 With breathing Zephyrs move the circling air,
 The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
 Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire ;
 Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
 While music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superiour place
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair ;

The fair shall not his kind request deny,
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, not yet untaught advance,
First hear the Muse, ere you attempt to dance :
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide ;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein ;
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd, and free,
Hence lost in error, and uncertainty,
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way ;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,
Thro' various hands in wild confusion to's'd,
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost ;
Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA rose,
And did the dance in characters compose,
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote :
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And every dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between ;
Hence, with her sister arts, shall Dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame,

* *Arte cita veloque rates remique moventur,
Arte leves currus.*

OVID.

† ——— *Nec audit currus habenas.*

VIRG.

‡ *Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by characters, in French, since translated by Weaver.*

And

And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,
As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Dispenses various gifts to every land,
To every nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts ;
To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms ;
BRITANNIA justly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around :
But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,
Whether she forms or executes the dance ;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,
With all those dances of illustrious fame,
* That from their native country take their name,
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor country-dance intrude 'till these are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
First gently fluttering tries his tender wing,
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
At once to heaven he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods ;
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy ;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed :
So shou'd the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove ;

* *French dances.*

Then, if he find kind Nature's gifts impart
 Endowments proper for the dancing art,
 If in himself he feels together join'd,
 An active body and ambitious mind,
 In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
 Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance;
 If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
 Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
 Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
 And to the Country-dance confine his care.

Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
 To keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd;
 All other errors they in vain shall mend,
 Who in this one important point offend;
 For this, when now united hand in hand
 Eager to start the youthful couple stand:
 Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
 And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
 So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
 And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
 Where Nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;
 Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
 Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
 Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
 A mien effeminate wou'd I advise;
 With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
 Nor let him dance — but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
 A stupid dulness, and a coquet air;
 Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
 Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round;
 Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
 Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd.
 By nature only to advantage dress'd ;
 'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
 That can pretend to please a curious eye,
 Good judges no such tumblers tricks-regard,
 Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that every slander-by
 No glaring errors in your steps can spy,
 The dance and music must so nicely meet,
 Each note should seem an echo to your feet ;
 A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
 Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
 Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
 In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien :
 'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
 When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball ;
 Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,
 And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
 (Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
 And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
 Her charms, declines the circulating hand ;
 Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
 And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :
 But ere they come, permit me to disclose,
 How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
 When Albion's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,
 In some fair-op'ning glade, each summer's night,
 Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
 On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
 The sporting fairies their assemblies held :
 Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,

Some

Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
 And music warble thro' the groves around ;
 Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
 Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
 And home returning, o'er the nut brown ale,
 Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
 Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
 And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
 Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,
 And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,
 The ruddy maids, and sun-burnt swains resort,
 And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport ;
 On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command,
 The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
 And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught at first the country-dance began,
 And hence to cities and to courts it ran,
 Succeeding ages did in time impart
 Various improvements to the lovely art :
 From fields and groves to palaces remove'd,
 Great ones the pleasing exercise approve'd ;
 Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,
 Are made companions of the dancer's bounds ;
 Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribands join,
 To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic Muse appear'd,
 Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
 Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
 The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade,
 The homely stage with rushes green was strow'd,
 And in a cart the strolling actors rode :
 Till time at length improve'd the great design,
 And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine ;

Ther

Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
 And theatres of Parian marble rose,
 Then mimic thunder thook the canvas sky,
 And gods descended from their towers on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
 To chuse a partner from the mingled fair;
 Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's voice,
 If she pretended to direct his choice:
 Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,
 And charms in different forms each different breast:
 A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
 Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires.
 Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
 While others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments sway,
 Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
 And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
 Rather for merit, than for beauty, chuse:
 Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill,
 When she shou'd move, and when she shou'd be still,
 Who uninstructed can perform her share,
 And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear:
 Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
 Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state
 With a poor, simple, unexperience'd wife,
 Is force'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
 And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
 A moving puppet, but without a mind:
 Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
 Yet ne'er can teach so fast, as she can stray,
 Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
 And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
 Range'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand:

Each

Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight ;
 While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
 And snowy bubbies pull'd above the stays,
 Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare,
 The fond impatience of the starting fair.
 And see, the sprightly dance is now begun !
 Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run,
 Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
 Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring :
 So, in a wheel with rapid fury toss'd,
 The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a guide,
 To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
 The Muse's precepts here wou'd uselefs be,
 Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free ;
 Let him but to the music's voice attend,
 By this instructed, he can ne'er offend ;
 If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
 In well-known paths he may be sure to tread ;
 If others lead, let him their motions view,
 And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In ev'ry Country-dance a serious mind,
 Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
 In Hunt the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
 Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :
 Thus in Round-dances, where our partners change,
 And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
 As soon as one from his own consort flies,
 Another seizes on the lovely prize :
 Awhile the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
 Till the next comer steals her from his arms,
 New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;
 How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

When

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name,
Of the creation's universal frame ?

Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way,
In a bright regular confusion stray ;

Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the mor'lif find a juster plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man ?
While thro' jostling crowds we toil, and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what.

Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd, sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has given a partner exquisitely fair,

Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part ;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear ;

When you shou'd be employ'd, be not at play,
For for your joys all others steps delay :

Not when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,

There rest awhile : there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss ;

Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with eager fingers press ;

With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
Then music melts her soul, and dancing-fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view ;

Then,

Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
 And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
 Then when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
 And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
 With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare
 Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
 And guard her from the morn's inclement air :
 Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
 And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,
 Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
 Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist ;
 With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
 Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry snow ;
 While gen'rous white wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
 Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
 To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer ;
 Ah, thoughtless fair ! the tempting draught refuse,
 When thus fore-warn'd by my experience'd Muse ;
 Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
 Nor hazard future pains, for present joy,
 Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
 A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
 The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
 Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread ;
 No more remains ; no more the Goddess sings,
 But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings ;
 On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye ;
 Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
 And even in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And

And now the work compleatly finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of Time defies;
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear;
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
The useful lines of my instructive Muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.



THE MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746. By the Same.

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

JUST broke from school, part, impudent, and raw;
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His Honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produce'd before :

A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth :
 Half Atheist, Papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness now is all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd Gentleman compleat.
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst ; like bottled ale,
 Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk, tho' mighty dull ;
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
 The liberty of BRITAIN he supports,
 And storms at place men, ministers, and courts ;
 Now in crop'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to shew those ears, he ought to lose.

From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies, }
 There sits with countenance erect, and wise, }
 And talks of games of Whist, and pig-tail pies. }
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break ;
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought :
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
 So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part ;
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
 To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breast,
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

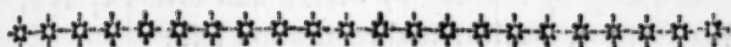
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;
 Insensible to all that's good, or kind,
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,
 By little actions striving to be great,
 And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
 That as his fame improves, his rents grow less ;
 On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light ;
 With his estate his interest too is done,
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun.
 For him, now cash and liquor flows no more.
 His independent voters cease to roar :
 And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence
 Of all his honesty, and eloquence,
 But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown
 For public liberty, than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone :
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for
 its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
 He digs no longer in th' exausted mine,

But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
 Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support :
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
 To silence so much rude impertinence,
 With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
 And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
 A riband and a pension buy the slave,
 This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
 And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
 Of independence now he talks no more,
 Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
 But silent votes, and with court trappings hung,
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
 In craft political a bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :
 Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
 And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,
 Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
 Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers and wives,
 Till death at length, indignant to be made
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,
 Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
 And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.





THE MODERN
FINE LADY.

————— *Miseri quibus*

Intentata nites.

HOR.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,
The toss of quality, and high-breed fleer,
Now lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year.
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new;
Breakfasts, and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera, or a play;
Then *Brag's* eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has she, or inclination,
Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion;
For this she listens to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,
And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear. }
But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,
Who fain would quit plump Dolly's softer charms,
For wither'd lean *right honourable* arms;
He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
And treats her as if sprung from race divine,
Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
 Her fortune, health, and reputation lost ;
 Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
 Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid,
 Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,
 She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung :
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers press'd,
 But most for ready cash for play distress'd,
 Where can she turn?—the 'squire must all repair,
 She condescends to listen to his prayer,
 And marries him at length in mere despair.

But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy :
 She feels no transports in the bridal bed,
 Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has read ;
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,
 To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
 A prostitute from curiosity :
 Hence men of every sort, and every size,
 Impatient for heaven's cordial drop, she tries ;
 The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
 The ruddy templar newly on the town,
 Th' Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
 The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant Fate her wish denies,
 Cards yield superiour joys, to cards she flies ;
 All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in Ruin's frightful jaws !
 Bonds, judgements, executions ope their paws ;
 Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
 The gilded chariot, or the tassell'd chair,

For lonely seat she's force'd to quit the town,
And *Tubbs* conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of Tyburn-road,
Ne'er press'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
And envies every cinder-winch she meets:
And now the dreaded country first appears,
With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then starts, and trembles at the sight of trees.
Silent and fullen, like some captive queen,
She's drawn along, unwilling to be seen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *hall*
Within the grass-green moat, and ivy'd wall,
The doleful prison where for ever she,
But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate:
But no rejoycings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns she to return one awkward bow,
But bounces in disdain once to speak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,
A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife;
Her nerves unbrace'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her insolence, and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
And the low pastimes of a country fair:

Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
 Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
 Shunning, and shunn'd by all of human kind,
 Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
 Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
 Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
 And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.



GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.

A FABLE.

From Monf. DE LA MOTTE, Book v. Fable 6.

AS GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,
 Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation
 Agreed to roam; then pass the seas,
 And visit Italy and Greece:

By travel to improve their parts,
 And learn the languages and arts;
 Not like our modern fops and beaux,
 T' improve the pattern of their cloaths:

Thus GENIUS said;—' Companions dear,
 ' To what I speak, incline an ear.
 ' Some chance, perhaps, may us divide;
 ' Let us against the worst provide,
 ' And give some sign, by which to find
 ' A friend thus lost, or left behind.
 ' For me, if cruel fate should ever
 ' Me and my dear companions sever,

' Go,

'Go, seek me 'midst the walls of Rome,
 'At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb;
 'Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,
 'Lamenting with the mournful Nine.'

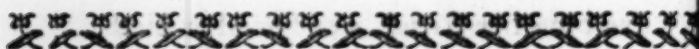
Next VIRTUE, pausing;—(for she knew
 The places were but very few,
 Where she could fairly hope to stay
 Till her companions came that way;)
 'Pass by (she cry'd) the court, the ball,
 'The masquerade and carnival,
 'Where all in false disguise appear,
 'But Vice, whose face is ever bare;
 'Tis ten to one, I am not there.

'CÆLIA, the loveliest maid on earth!
 'I've been her friend, e'er since her birth;
 'Perfection in her person charms,
 'And Virtue all her bosom warms;
 'A matchless pattern for the fair:
 'Her dwelling seek, you'll find me there.'

Cry'd REPUTATION; 'I, like you,
 'Had once a soft companion too;
 'As fair her person, and her fame,
 'And COQUETTISSE was her name.
 'Then thousand lovers swell'd her train;
 'Ten thousand lovers sigh'd in vain:
 'Where'er she went, the dangles came;
 'Yet still I was her favourite flame,
 'Till once,—('twas at the public show)
 'The play being done, we rose to go;
 'A thing, who long had ey'd the fair,
 'His neck stiff yok'd in solitaire,
 'With clean white gloves, first made approach;
 'Then begg'd to lead her to her coach:

' She

' She smil'd, and gave her lilly hand ;
 ' Away they trip it to the Strand :
 ' A hackney-coach receiv'd the pair,
 ' They went to——but, I won't tell where.
 ' Then lost the Reputation quite,
 ' Friends take example from that night,
 ' And never leave me from your sight.
 ' For oh ! if cruel fate intends
 ' Ever to part me from my friends,
 ' Think that I'm dead ; my death deplore,
 ' But never hope to see me more !
 ' In vain you'll search the world around ;
 ' Lost reputation's never to be found.'



ODE to WISDOM.

By Miss CARTER.

THE solitary bird of night
 Thro' the thick shades now wings his flight,
 And quits his time-shook tower ;
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat.
 Fav'rite of PALLAS ! I attend,
 And faithful to thy summons, bend
 At WISDOM's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
 Where no false shews of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray.
 Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
 Nor sport her gaily colour'd dyes,
 As in the beam of day.

O PALLAS ! queen of every art,
 That glads the sense and mends the heart,
 Blest source of purer joys :
 In every form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental sight
 With pleasure and surprize :

At thy unspotted shrine I bow ;
 Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires :
 But taught by ^{thy} unerring rules,
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not FORTUNE's gem, AMBITION's plume,
 Nor CYTHEREA's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my prayer :
 Let AV'RICE, VANITY, and PRIDE,
 Those envy'd glitt'ring toys, divide
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thoughts refin'd :
 For Wealth, the smiles of glad Content ;
 For Power, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er the mind.

When

When FORTUNE drops her gay parade,
When PLEASURE's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb;
Unchange'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite :
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest :
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where PLATO's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties dress'd.

He bade Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good :
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood :

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of TRUTH,
And felt its just controul :
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the POET's song,
The PATRIOT's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The HERO's gen'rous strife;
Thine are Retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties
Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To the supreme all-perfect Mind
My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal source
Of intellectual light.

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road :
The mists of errour to controul,
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show :
She sees thro' every fair disguise,
That all but VIRTUE's solid joys
Are vanity and woe.





To a GENTLEMAN,

On his intending to cut down a GROVE to enlarge
his Prospect.

By the same.

IN plaintive sounds, that tun'd to woe
The sadly sighing breeze,
A weeping HAMADRYAD mourn'd
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah ! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the shade, .
Where Nature form'd a silent haunt
For Contemplation's aid.

Can'st thou, the son of science, bred
Where learned Isis flows,
Forget that, nurs'd in shelt'ring groves,
The Grecian genius rose ?

Within the plantane's spreading shade,
Immortal PLATO taught ;
And fair LYCEUM form'd the depth
Of ARISTOTLE's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
And bless the Tuscan bloom ;
Where Eloquence deplore'd the fate
Of Liberty and Rome.

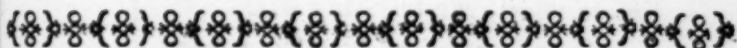
Retir'd

Retir'd beneath the beechen shade,
 From each inspiring bough
 The Muses wove th' unfading wreaths
 That circled VIRGIL's brow.

Reflect before the fatal ax
 My threaten'd doom has wrought;
 Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
 The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that blush
 On India's sunny coast,
 Can recompence thee for the worth
 Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,
 Unknown to solar fire;
 And what excludes APOLLO's rays,
 Shall harmonize his lyre.



ODE to a WATER NYMPH.

By Mr. MASON.

YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom PAN allows
 To tend his sweetly-solemn * Wood,
 To speed the shooting scions into boughs,
 And call the roseate blossoms from the bud;

** A seat near ** finely situated with a great command
 of water, but disposed in a very false taste, which gave
 occasion to this Ode.*

But chief, thou NAID, wont so long to lead
This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows;

Whither ah ! whither art thou fled ?

What shade is conscious to thy woes ?

Ah ! 'tis yon poplar's awful gloom ;

Poetic eyes can pierce the scene,

Can see thy drooping head, thy with'ring bloom,

See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mein.

Well may'st thou wear Misfortune's fainting air,

Well rend those flowery honours from thy brow,

Devolve that length of careless hair,

And give yon azure veil to flow

Loose to the wind. For ah ! thy pain

The pitying Muse can well relate :

Ah ! let her, plaintive, pour the tend'rest strain,

To teach the Echoes thy disastrous fate.

'Twas where the alder's close-knit shade entwin'd
(What time the dog-star's fires intensely burn,)

In gentlest indolence reclin'd,

Beside your ever-trickling urn

You slept serene ; all free from fears,

No friendly dream foretold your harm,

When sudden, see ! the tyrant Art appears

To snatch the liquid treasures from thy arm.

Art, Gothic Art, has seiz'd thy darling vase,

That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,

For some soft story told with grace,

Amid th' associates of the wave ;

When in sequester'd coral vales,

While worlds of waters roll'd above,

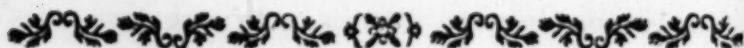
The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales

Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.

Ah !

Ah! loss too justly mourn'd! for now the fiend
 Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high,
 And thence he bids his streams descend,
 With torturing regularity;
 From step to step with sullen sound
 The force'd cascades indignant leap,
 Till pent they fill the bason's measur'd round,
 There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
 Lost is the vocal pebble's gurgling song,
 The rill soft-dripping from its rocky spring,
 No free meander winds along,
 Or curls, when Zephyr waves his wing,
 These charms, alas! are now no more—
 Fortune, oh! give me to redeem
 The ravish'd vase; oh! give me, restore
 Its pristine honours to this hapless stream!
 Then, Nymphs, again, with all their native ease,
 Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
 Shall wildly warble, as they please,
 Their soft loquacious harmony.
 Where'er they vagrant chuse to rove,
 There will I lead, not force their way,
 Whether to gloom beneath the shady grove,
 Or in the mead reflect the sparkling ray.
 Not HAGLEY's various stream shall thine surpass,
 Tho' Nature, and her LYTLETON ordain
 That there the NAID band should grace
 With every watery charm the plain;
 That there the frequent rills shou'd roll,
 And health to every flower dispense,
 Free as their master pours from all his soul
 The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence;

Shou'd now glide sweetly plaintive thro' the vale
 In melting murmurs querulously flow ;
 Soft as that master's love-lorn tale,
 When Lucy calls forth all his woe :
 Shou'd now from steepy heights descend,
 Deep thund'ring the rough rocks among,
 Loud as the praise applauding senates lend,
 When England's cause inspires his glowing tongue.



M U S Æ U S :

A

M O N O D Y

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. P O P E.

In Imitation of MILTON's Lycidas.

By the Same.

Sorrowing I catch the reed, and call the Muse ;
 If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
 Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain :
 With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
 For who ere since their virgin train espy'd,
 Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,
 Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray ?
 Or have they deign'd to play,
 Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,

Feeding

Feeding each white pink, and each daisy pied,
That mingling paint his rusky fringed side?

Yet ah! celestial maids, ye are not dead;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,
Ere ye entune his mournful elegy.
Stay then a while, O stay, ye fleeting fair;
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Thespia's shade; till your harmonious teem
Be grateful pour'd on some slow-dittied air,
Such tribute paid, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt you whilom did erect;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
Trim Mænelaus, with piny verdure deck'd.
But now it boots you not in these to stray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,
Or where mild Ladon's swelling waters play.
Forego each vain excuse,

And haste to Thames's shores; for Thames shall join
Our sad society, and passing mourn,
Letting cold tears bedew his silver urn.
And, when the Poet's wither'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs slow.
For oft the poet rous'd his charmed waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with strains of love.
He must not now in brisk meanders flow
Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,
Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Can I forget, how erst his osiers made
Sad sullen music, as bleak Eurys fann'd?
Can I forget, how gloom'd yon laureat shade,
Ere death remorseless wav'd his ebon wand?

How,

How, midst yon grot, each silver-trickling spring
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among ;
 While as the coral roof did softly ring
 Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song ?
 Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
 And sunk his awful head,
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong :
 For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
 Came * TITYRUS slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
 And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
 And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.

" Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
 " Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
 " Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
 " For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.
 " For syn the daies whereas my lyre ben strongen,
 " And deftly many a merry laie I songen,
 " Old Time, which alle things don maliciously,
 " Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
 " Gnatrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
 " Till at the last thou smoothen 'hem haft again ;
 " Sithence full semely gliden my rhymes rude,
 " As, (if fitteth thilk similitude)
 " Whannè shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
 " Ovir rough stones it maken full rough song :
 " But, them stones removen, this lite rivere
 " Stolen forth by, making pleasant murmere :

* Came Tityrus, &c.] *i. e.* CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by Spenser, vide *Shep. Cal. Ecl. 2. 12.* and elsewhere.

" So my fely rhymes, whoso may them note,
 " Thou maken everichone to ren right sote ;
 " And in thy verse entuneth so fetisely,
 " That men sayen I make trewe melody,
 " And speaken every dele to myne honoure,
 " Mich wele, great clerk, betide thy parting houre ! "

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.

When * COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's shepherd swain,
 The blitheft lad that ever pip'd on plain,
 Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way,
 And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
 And thus his gliding numbers 'gan essay.

I.

" † Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,
 " Who once like me could'st frame thy pipe to play
 " Shepherds devise, and cheer the ling'ring morn :
 " Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
 " Ah plight too fore such worth to equal right !
 " Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

II.

" But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
 " My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's rustic skill
 " To thy deft swains, whose dapper ditties rare
 " Surpass aught else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
 " Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
 " Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

* Colin Clout.] i. e. SPENSER, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

† The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar ; the rest, where he speaks of fable, are in the stanza of the Faery Queen.

III. " Eke

III.

- " Eke when in Fable's flow'ry path you stray'd,
 " Masking in cunning feints Truth's splendid face;
 " Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendence paid,
 " To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,
 " But all mote nought avail such harm to chace,
 " Than Una fair 'gan droop her priacely mien,
 " Eke Florimel, and all my Faery race :
 " Belinda far surpast my beauties sheen,
 " Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay I ween.

IV.

- " Like as in village'd troop of birdlings trim,
 " Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
 " And quaking ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
 " And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold;
 " If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold
 " Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
 " He glist'neth purple, and he glist'neth gold,
 " Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.
 " Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying

V.

- " But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
 " And fancies light in simple guise pourtray ?
 " Litting to cheer thee at this rueful time,
 " While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings prey
 " Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
 " Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
 " Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay :
 " So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
 " When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkle
 plain."

Last came a bard of more exalted tread,
 And * THYRSIS hight, by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
 Whene'er he mingled with the sylvan train ;
 But seldom that ; for higher thoughts he fed ;
 For him full oft the heavenly Muses led
 To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
 To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes ;
 All which the sacred bard would oft recount :
 And thus in strain, unus'd in grove or shade,
 To sad MUSÆUS rightful homage paid.

"Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler, last and best
 "Of all the train ! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
 "All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
 "Rapture ; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime !
 "Accept this gratulation : may it cheer
 "Thy sinking soul ; nor these corporeal ills
 "Aught daunt thee, or appal. Know, in high heaven
 "Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,
 "Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
 "Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian fire,
 "Shall soar seraphic heights ; while to her voice
 "Ten thousand Hierarchies of angels harp
 "Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
 "Usher the song rejoicing. I meanwhile,
 "To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
 "Approach thy visitant, with mortal laud
 "To praise thee mortal. First, (as first beseems)
 "For rhyme subdu'd ; rhyme, erst the minstrel rude

* Hight Thyrsis] i. e. MILTON. *Lycidas and the Epitaphium Damonis are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's ; in the latter of which, where he laments Car. Deodates under the nature of Damon, he calls himself Thyrsis.*

" Of

" Of Chaos, Anarch old : she near his throne
 " Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
 " With tenfold din : till late to earth upborn
 " On strident wing, what time fair Poesie
 " Emerge'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
 " Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
 " Oppress'd; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
 " Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains
 " Fetter'd her scarce-fledge'd pinion. I such bonds
 " Aim'd to destroy, mistaking : bonds like these
 " 'Twere greater art t' ennoble, and refine.
 " For this superiour part *MUSÆUS* came :
 " Thou cam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains
 " Off dropt, and (passing strange !) soft-wreathed bands
 " Of flow'rs their place supply'd : which well the Muse
 " Might wear for choice, not force ; obstruction none,
 " But loveliest ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here
 " The wonder rests not ; various argument
 " Remains for me, all doubting, where to call
 " The primal grace, where countless graces charm.
 " Various this peaceful scene ; this mineral roof ;
 " This 'semblance meet of coral, ore, and shell ;
 " These pointed crystals fair, 'mid each obscure
 " Bright glist'ring ; all these slowly-dripping rills,
 " That tinkling stray amid the cool cave.
 " Yet not this various peaceful scene ; with this
 " Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet
 " Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor 'mid th' obscure
 " These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair ; nor rills,
 " That straying tinkle thro' the cool cave ;
 " Deal charms more various to each raptur'd sense,
 " Than thy mellifluous lay—

" Cease friendly swain ;
 (*MUSÆUS* cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)

" All

" All praise is foreign, but of true desert ;
 " Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
 " Ah ! why recal the toys of thoughtless youth ?
 " When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth :
 " When fancy rul'd ; when trill'd each trivial strain,
 " But idly sweet, and elegantly vain.
 " O ! in that strain, if all of wit had flow'd,
 " All music warbled, and all beauty glow'd ;
 " Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd ;
 " That lent each grace, and this each grace refin'd,
 " Alas ! how little were my proudest boast !
 " The sweetest trisler of my tribe at most.
 " To sway the judgement, while he charms the ear ;
 " To curb mad passion in its wild career ;
 " To blend with skill, as lostiest themes inspire,
 " All reason's rigour, and all fancy's fire ;
 " Be this the poet's praise ; with this uncrown'd,
 " Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.
 " Come then that honest fame ; whose sober ray
 " Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay ; [line,
 " Which dawns, tho' thou, rough *DONNE* ! hew out the
 " But beams, sage *HORACE* ! from each strain of thine.
 " O ! if, like these, one poet more could brave
 " The venal statesman, or the titled slave ;
 " Brand frontless Vice, strip all her stars and strings,
 " Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings :
 " Yet stoop to Virtue, tho' the prostrate maid
 " Lay sadly pale in bleak Misfortune's shade :
 " If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;
 " Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm ;
 " He pour'd, for her lov'd cause, serene along
 " The purest precept, in the sweetest song :
 " For her lov'd cause, he trace'd his moral plan,
 " Yon various region of bewild'ring man ;
 Vol. I. T " Explor'd

" Explor'd alike each scene, that frown'd or smil'd,
 " The flowery garden, or the weedy wild;
 " Unmov'd by sophistry, unaw'd by name,
 " No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
 " Led by no system's devious glare astray,
 " As earth-born meteors glitter to betray;
 " But all his soul to Reason's rule resign'd,
 " And heaven's own views fair op'ning on his mind,
 " Catch'd from bright nature's flame the living ray,
 " Thro' passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day;
 " And this great truth in all its lustre show'd,
 " That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD:
 " If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays;
 " Praise less than this, is impotence of praise."

" To pour that praise be mine," fair Virtue cry'd,
 And shot all radiant thro' an op'ning cloud.
 But ah! my Muse, how will thy voice express
 'Th' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
 Ill suits immortal strain a doric dress:
 And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
 Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
 The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.
 But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
 Had op'd her shears, to slit his vital thread;
 And who may hope gainsay her stern behest?
 Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head
 And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Then wept the Nymphs; witness, ye waving shades
 Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did weep;
 The heavenly goddess too with tears did steep
 Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;
 And, "cruel gods!" and "cruel stars!" she cry'd:
 Nor did the shepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,
 On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,

Or stagnant river, drive her thirsty flocks ;
 Nor did the wild-goat brouze the steepy rocks ;
 And Philomel her custom'd oak forfook ;
 And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
 As Nature's self was sick ;
 And every lilly droop'd its velvet head ;
 And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafless grove ;
 Sad sympathy ! yet sure his rightful meed,
 Who charm'd all nature : well might Nature mourn
 Thro' all her sweets ; and flower, and lawn, and shade,
 All vocal grown, all weep *Musæus* dead.

Here end we, Goddesses : this your shepherd sang,
 All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
 O ! make it worthy of the sacred bard,
 And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
 Nor thou, *Musæus*, from thine ear discard,
 For well I ween thou hear'st my doleful song ;
 Whether 'mid angel troops, the stars among,
 From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays ;
 Or, anxious for thy dearest Virtue's fare,
 Thou still art hovering o'er her tuneless sphere,
 And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain on doric oate essay'd,
 Manhood's prime honours downing on his cheek :
 Trembling ~~she~~ strove to court the tuneful maid
 With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak ;
 Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
 But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak ;
 And now down dropt the larks, and ceas'd their strain :
 They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd swain.



An E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The mopping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ;
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wake'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul-relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Deed
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
' To meet the sun upon the upland land.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
' His littleless length at noon-tide wou'd he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard

- ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 - ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he wou’d rove ;
 - ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 - ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
-
- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
 - ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ;
 - ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 - ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,
-
- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
 - ‘ Slow thro’ the churchway path we saw him born,
 - ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
 - ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

The E P I T A P H.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.





HYMN to ADVERSITY.

By the same.

DAughter of Jove, relentless Power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly Birth,
 And bad to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart,
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.





A N

E P I S T L E

ADDRESSED TO

Sir THOMAS HANMER,

On his EDITION of

SHAKESPEAR'S WORKS.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

SIR,

WHILE born to bring the Muses happier days,
 A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays:
 While nurs'd by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
 Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
 Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
 What secret transports in her bosom swell:
 With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespear's name.
 Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
 Unown'd by Science, and by years obscur'd:
 Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
 A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
 Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;

When

When ling'ring frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grace'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd thro' time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart :
Or paint the curse, that mark'd the (a) Theban's reign,
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The Comic sisters kept their native ease.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd !
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her Tragic strain ;
Ilysius' laurels, tho' transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose ;
Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
Till (b) Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosimo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade :
Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provencial pass'd to Arno's stream :
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays— but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move ;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

(a) *The Oedipus of Sophocles.*

(b) *Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.*

But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
 The beauteous union must appear at length,
 Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
 And even a Shakespear to her fame be born!

Yet ah! so bright her morning's op'ning ray,
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
 No second growth the western isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.
 Too nicely Johnson knew the critic's part;
 Nature in him was almost lost in art.
 Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
 The next in order, as the next in name.
 With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
 Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
 The lover's wishes and the virgin's fear.
 His (c) every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
 But stronger Shakespear felt for Man alone:
 Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
 Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

(d) With gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
 Saw art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:
 By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.

(c) *Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.*

(d) *About the time of Shakespear, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Johnson excepted.*

Till late Corneille, with (e) Lucan's spirit fir'd,
 Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and He inspir'd:
 And classic judgement gain'd to sweet Racine
 The temp'rate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
 And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
 Yet He alone to ev'ry scene could give
 'Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
 Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprize,
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
 And laurel'd conquest waits her hero's arms.
 Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
 The (f) time shall come, when Glo'ster's heart shall
 bleed

In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
 When dreary visions shall at last present
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent,
 Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
 Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
 Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
 With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green:

(e) *The favourite author of the elder Corneille.*

(f) *Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum,
 Intactum pallanta, etc.*

Dress'd by her hand, the Woods and Vallies smile,
And Spring diffusive decks th' *enchanted isle*.

O More than all in powerful genius blest !
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
There ev'ry thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
What wond'rous draughts might rise from ev'ry page !
What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

Methinks even now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in ev'ry line :
Chaste and subdu'd the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where (g) Anthony in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But (b) who is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air ?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not War's insatiate fury fall,
(So Heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother 'midst the plaintive train
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !

(g) See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

(b) Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the
Odyssey.

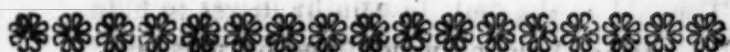
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
 The son's affection, in the Roman's Pride :
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while *Pity* melts the eyes;

Thus, gen'rous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
 The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires ;
 Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring;
 Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
 Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
 (For poets ever were a careless kind)
 By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
 But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole un-
 known,

Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
 Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
 By winds and water cast on ev'ry shore :
 When rais'd by Fate, some former HANMER join'd
 Each beauteous image of the boundless mind :
 And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
 A fond alliance with the Poet's name.





A S O N G

FROM

SHAKESPEAR'S CYMBELYNE.

Sung by GUIDERUS and ARVIRAGUS over
FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

By the Same.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids; and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing Spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

IV.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid:
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

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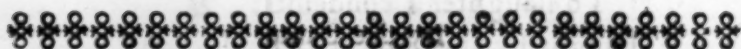
V. When

V.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell:
 Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed:
 Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.



The H E R M I T,
 A B A L L A D,

Supposed to be written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

" T U R N, gentle hermit of the dale,
 " And guide my lonely way,
 " To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 " With hospitable ray.

" For here forlorn, and lost, I tread,
 " With fainting steps, and slow;
 " Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 " Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
 " To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 " For yonder phantom only flies
 " To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here

" Here to the houseless child of want,
" My door is open still ;
" And tho' my portion is but scant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
" Whate'er my cell bestows,
" My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To slaughter I condemn :
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side,
" A guiltless feast I bring ;
" A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
" For earth-born cares are wrong :
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
The modest mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The door just open'd with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crowds retire
 To revels or to rest,
 The hermit trim'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily press'd and smil'd;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten-tries;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 "And whence unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
 "Reluctant dost thou rove;
 "Or grief for friendship unreturn'd,
 "Or unregarded love?"

- " Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
" Are trifling, and decay ;
" And those who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling still than they.
- " And what is friendship but a name,
" A charm that lulls to sleep ;
" A shade that follows wealth or fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep ?
- " And love is still an emptier sound,
" The haughty fair one's jest :
" On earth unseen, or only found,
" To warm the turtle's nest.
- " For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
" And spurn the sex," he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
The bashful guest betray'd.

He sees unnumber'd beauties rise,
Expanded to the view ;
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

- " And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
" Where heaven and you reside.

" But

" But let a maid thy pity share,
" Whom love has taught to stray ;
" Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he ;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd suitors came ;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each morn the gay fantastic crowd
" With richest proffers strove :
" Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humblest, simplest habit clad,
" No wealth nor power had he ;
" A constant heart was all he had,
" But that was all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could naught of purity display,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossom on the tree,
" With charms inconstant shine,
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their constancy was mine.

" For still I tried each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain ;
" And while his passion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" 'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
" He left me to my pride ;
" And fought a solitude forlorn,
" In secret, where he died.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life shall pay ;
" I'll seek the solitude he fought,
" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die :
" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
" And so for him will I."

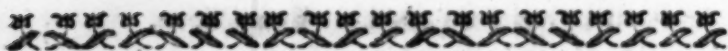
" Thou shalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wandering fair one turn'd to chide —
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

" Turn Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to see
" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care resign :
" And shall we never, never part,
" O thou — my all that's mine !

" No,

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
 “ We'll live and love so true;
 “ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 “ Shall break thy Edwin's too.”



E L E G Y

To Miss D—— W——D.

In the manner of OVID.

By the late Mr. HAMMOND.

O Say, thou dear possessour of my breast,
 Where now's my boasted liberty and rest!
 Where the gay moments which I once have known,
 O where that heart I fondly thought my own!
 From place to place I solitary roam,
 Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
 I scorn the beauties common eyes adore,
 The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
 Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
 And only think on thee—who art not there.
 In vain would books their formal succour lend,
 Nor wit, nor wisdom can relieve their friend;
 Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
 And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
 When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

And

And cou'd I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please,
Cou'd I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
Own thou hast fosten'd my obdurate mind,
And thou revenge'd the wrongs of womankind:
Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
In vain to tell thee all I write in vain;
My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;
But wisely chuse who best deserves thy flame,
So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
Nor yet despise, tho' void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart:
The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
Tho' less it feels, will please and flatter more,
And meanly learned in that guilty trade
Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperience'd youth might soon believe,
And since their tears in false submission drest
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast,
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe;
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.



VIRGIL'S TOMB.

NAPLES, MDCCXLI.

———*Tenuis ignavo Pellio chordas
Pulso; Maroneique redens in margine templi
Sua animum, et magni tumulis adcano magistri.*

STAT.

I CAME, great bard, to gaze upon thy shrine,
And o'er thy relics wait th' inspiring Nine:
For sure, I said, where Maro's ashes sleep,
The weeping Muses must their vigils keep:
Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
Have plac'd the shield and martial trumpet here;
The shepherd's pipe, and rural honours there:
Fancy had deck'd the consecrated ground,
And scatter'd never-fading roses round.
And now my bold romantic thought aspires
To hear the echo of celestial lyres;
Then catch some sound to bear delighted home,
And boast I learnt the verse at Virgil's tomb:
Or stretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant shade,
With dreams extatic hov'ring o'er my head,
See forms august, and laurel'd ghosts ascend,
And with thyself, perhaps, the long procession end.

I came—but soon the phantoms disappear'd;
Far other scenes, than wanton Hope had rear'd;
No fairy rites, no funeral pomp I found;
No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round:

A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly show'd
 The spot where once thy mausoleum stood:
 Hardly the form remain'd; a nodding dome
 O'ergrown with moss is now all Virgil's tomb.
 'Twas such a scene as gave a kind relief
 To memory, in sweetly-pensive grief:
 Gloomy, unpleasing images it wrought;
 No musing, soft complacency of thought:
 For time had canker'd all, and worn away
 Ev'n the last, mournful graces of decay:
 Oblivion, hateful goddess, sat before,
 And cover'd with her dusky wings the door:
 No silver harps I heard, no Muse's voice,
 But birds obscene in horrid notes rejoice:
 Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinsel train
 Forsook the cheerless scene; no more remain
 The warm ambitious hopes of airy youth;
 Severe Reflection came, and frowning Truth:
 Away each glittering gay idea fled,
 And bade a melancholy train succeed,
 That form'd, or seem'd to form, a mournful call:
 In feeble echoes mutt'ring round the wall.

Seek not the Muses here! th' affrighted maids
 Have fled Parthenope's polluted shades:
 Her happy shores, the seats of joy and ease,
 Their fav'rite mansions once, no longer please:
 No longer, as of old, in transport lost,
 The sisters rove along th' enchanted coast;
 They turn with horror from each much-lov'd stream,
 And loath the fields that were their darling theme:
 The tuneful names themselves once fondly gave
 To ev'ry swelling hill, and mossy cave,
 So pleasing then, are only heard with sighs;
 And each sad echo bids their sorrow rise.

Yet Nature smiles, as when their Virgil sung,
 Nor 'midst a fairer scene his lyre was strung;
 Still bloom the sweets of his elysium here,
 And the same charms in ev'ry grove appear.
 But ah! in vain indulgent suns prevail;
 Health and delight in ev'ry balmy gale
 Are wasted now, in vain: small comfort bring
 To weeping eyes the beauties of the spring.
 To groaning slaves those fragrant meads belong,
 Where Tully dictated, and Maro sung.
 Long since, alas! those golden days are flown,
 When here each Science wore its proper crown;
 Pale Tyranny has laid their altars low,
 And rent the laurel from the Muse's brow:
 What wonder then, 'midst such a scene, to see
 The Arts expire with bleeding Liberty?
 Pensive and sad, each fair angelic form
 Droops, like the wearied dove beneath a storm:
 Far other views the poets thought engage,
 Than the warm glories of th' Augustan age.
 Can mis'ry bid th' imagination glow?
 Or genius brighten 'midst domestic woe?
 To see desponding wretches round him pine,
 Horace had wept beneath the Alban vine.
 Sad sits the bard amidst his country's tears,
 And sighs, regardless of the wreath he wears.
 Did ever Want and Famine sweetly sing?
 The fetter'd hand uncouthly strikes the string.
 Lo! stern Oppression lifts her iron rod,
 And Ruin waits th' imperious harpy's nod:
 Black Desolation, and destructive War,
 Rise at the signal, and attend her car.
 From the dire pomp th' affrighted shepherd flies,
 And leaves his flock the rav'nous soldier's prize.

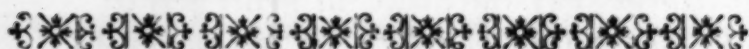
Where

Where now are all the nymphs that blest the plains?
 Where, the full chorus of contented swains?
 The songs of love, of liberty and peace,
 Are heard no more; the dance and tabor cease:
 To the soft oaten pipe, and past'ral reed,
 The din of arms, and clarion's blast succeed:
 Dire shapes appear in ev'ry op'ning glade;
 And Furies howl where once the Muses stray'd?

Is this the queen of realms, for arts renown'd?
 This captive maid, that weeps upon the ground!
 Alas! how change'd!—dejected and forlorn!
 The mistress of the world become the scorn!
 Around stand Rapine, Horror, and Despair;
 And Ign'rance, dark ally of barb'rous War:
 She, at th' usurping Vandal's dread command,
 Displays her gloomy banner o'er the land:
 Beneath its chilling shade neglected lies
 Each sister Art; and unlamented dies.
 Lo! Sculpture lets her useless chissel fall;
 While on some ruin'd temple's broken wall
 Sad Architecture sits; and sees with shame
 Mis-shapen piles usurp her injur'd name:
 Music and Verse, unhappy twins! belong
 To antique Masque, and weak unmanly Song:
 The gath'ring deluge swells on ev'ry side,
 And monkish Superstition swells the tide.
 By the resistless torrent overborn
 Floats ev'ry Virtue, from its basis torn:
 Fair Learning droops, the sick'ning Arts decay;
 And ev'ry laurel fades, and ev'ry bay.
 All is confus'd, no traces now are seen
 To shew what wretched Italy has been.

Thus once Vesuvius, crown'd with circling wood,
 Parthenope, thy beauteous neighbour stood:

Perpetual Spring cloath'd the fair mountain's side ;
 And what is now thy terrour, was thy pride.
 Sudden th' imprison'd flames burst forth ; and laid
 On smoaky heaps each shrieking Dryad's shade :
 Now deep in ashes sinks the myrtle bower,
 O'er beds of flowers sulphureous torrents roar ;
 And exil'd demigods their ruin'd seats deplore.



THE LINK.

A BALLAD.

YE ladies that live in the city or town,
 Fair Winton or Alresford so fine and so gay ;
 And ye neat country lasses in clean linen gown,
 As neat and as blithe and as pretty as they :
 Come away strait to Ovington, for you can't think
 What a charming new walk there is made on the Link.

Look how lovely the prospect, the meadows how green,
 The fields and the woods, in the vale or the hill :
 The trees, and the cottage that peeps out between,
 The clear stream that runs bubbling in many a rill,
 That will show your fair face as you stand on the brink,
 And murmurs most sweetly all under the Link.

How pleasant the morning, how clear the blue sky,
 How pure the fresh air, and how healthy the place !
 Your heart goes a pit a-pat light as a fly,
 And the blood circles briskly, and glows in your face :
 Wou'd you paint your fair cheeks with the rose and the
 pink ?

Throw your washes away, take a walk on the Link.

After

After dinner the 'squire ere the ladies retreat,
Marches off with some friends that will ply the brisk glass;
Give us liquor enough, and a good pleasant feat,
And damn your fine taste, and your finical lass:
Al fresco, my lads, we'll carouse and we'll drink,
Take your bottle each man, and away to the Link.

Not so gentle Colin, whom love holds in thrall,
To Molly he steals all in silence away;
And when nought can be heard but the rude water-fall,
And the woodbine breathes sweetest at close of the day,
He takes her soft hand, and he tips her the wink,
Come, my dear, let us take a cool walk on the Link.

But, O ye fair maidens, be sure have a care,
Nor lay yourselves open to love's cruel dart;
Of the hour and the place and the season beware,
And guard well each passage that leads to your heart;
Sly Cupid will steal in at some little chink,
If you walk in the evening too late on the Link.

Ye poets so lofty, who love to retire
From the noise of the town to the stream and the wood;
Who in epics or tragics, with marvellous fire,
Utter sounds by mere mortals not well understood;
Here mouthe your loud strain, and here ply pen and ink,
Quit Parnassus and Pindus, and come to the Link.

And come you, who for thought are at little expence,
Who indite gentle pastoral, ballad, or song;
You see with smooth numbers, and not too much sense,
How the verses run easy and glibly along;
And the rhyme at the close how it falls with a clink,
So kind are the Muses that sport on the Link.



T H E
VANITY of HUMAN WISHES.

The Tenth SATIRE of JUVENAL,

I M I T A T E D

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, M. A.

LET * observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry with th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speakers powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

(a) Ver. 1 ——— 21.

But

(b) But scarce observ'd the knowing and the bold,
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
 Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord,
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
 Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet (c) still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.

Once (d) more, Democritus, arise on earth,
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,

(b) Ver 12—22.

(c) Ver 23—27.

(d) Ver. 28—55.

See motly life in modern trappings drest,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
 Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprices
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ;
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judge'd a cause ;
 How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
 Attentive truth and nature to decry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
 The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe :
 All aid the farce, and all the mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on humankind ;
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.

(e) Unnumber'd suppliants croud Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies,

From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal;
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their with is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolfey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Glaime leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief

Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolfey near the steep of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What (f) gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulge'd in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep, or to resign?

When (g) first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And (h) Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;

(f) Ver. 108—113. (g) Ver. 114—122.

(h) There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon,
built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man
greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

Should

Should tempting Novelty they cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause a while from letters, to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Here Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes ;
 See when the vulgar scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner mines, tho' smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent ;
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The (i) festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steddying Romans shook the world ;

(i) Ver. 133—146.

VOL. I.

Y

For

For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgage'd states their grandsires wreaths regret
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On (k) what foundation stands the warrior's pride
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain
 "Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realm of Frost;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;

Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did not subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All (*l*) times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;

(*l*) *Ver.* 168—187.

Y 2

Short

Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of rage crowd the war;
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge (*m*) my life with multitude of days,
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
 Hides from himself his state, and shunes to know,
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy:
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Tho' dancing mountains witness Orpheus near,
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the sawning niece and pamper'd guest,

(*m*) *Ver.* 188—288.

While

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend ;
Such age there is, and who could wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings :
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The (n) teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom Joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slip'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superiour ply'd;
 By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where (o) then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

(o) *Ver.* 346—366.





T H E

TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
 And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
 Blushing the rose, and blushing rose the flowers
 That sprung spontaneous in the genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dew were bright,
 And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
 With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light
 The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grace'd her smiling form,
 A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
 This charms to peace each fullen eastern storm,
 And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
 The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
 To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
 And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
 Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
 Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite,
 Brush the light dew-drops * from the spangled lawn.

** Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.*

To

To her no more Augusta's * wealthy pride
 Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine ;
 Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
 A purer off'ring, at her rustic shrine.

No more the May-pole's verdant height around
 No Valour's games th' ambitious youth advance ;
 No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
 Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
 Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
 " O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled ?
 " My maiden honours, whither gone ?" she cry'd.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
 The Earth and smiling Ocean saw me rise,
 With time coeval and the star of morn,
 The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heaven's prolific mandate sprung
 The radiant beam of new-created day,
 Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
 Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
 And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung ;
 The sun exulted in his glorious round,
 And shouting planets in their courses fung.

Forever then I led the constant year ;
 Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles ;
 Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
 And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

* The plate garlands of London.

No

No winter frown'd. In sweet embrace ally'd,
 Three sister Seasons dance'd th' eternal green;
 And Spring's retiring softness gently vy'd
 With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings given,
 And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
 With bright Astræa to my native heaven
 I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage:

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
 While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
 With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
 My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanquish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
 Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
 Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
 My Atalantis * sunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bowers,
 Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian sleep:
 With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flowers,
 Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
 Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
 With quick'ning powers the fainting mass sustain'd,
 And wake'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo caught my raptur'd name,
 And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
 And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
 Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

* See *Plato*.

But

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd:
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lillies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons Plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Thro' clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flower;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With

With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
 With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
 With blushes, harb'ring in their thin disguise,
 The blast that riots on the Spring's encrease.

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
 By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern command?
 Ungen'rous Europe, let me fly thy soil,
 And waft my treasures to a grateful land:

Again revive on Asia's drooping shore
 My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain:
 Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
 Embowering shades, and Lybian Ammon's fame:

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
 There hush to silence elemental strife;
 Brood o'er the region of eternal Frost,
 And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain——here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
 And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue suppress:
 Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sought relief,
 And tears, and silent anguish told the rest.

END of VOLUME I.

